THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIX.—No. 1419

FEBRUARY 25, 1931

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the BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, February 25, 1931

the BYSTANDER

No. 1419 Vol. CIX

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER

By Peter North

MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN

Who, before her marriage to the famous author in 1928, was Countess Atalanta Mercati. "Good Losers," the new play which her husband has written in collaboration with Walter Hackett, is proving a good winner at the Whitehall Theatre

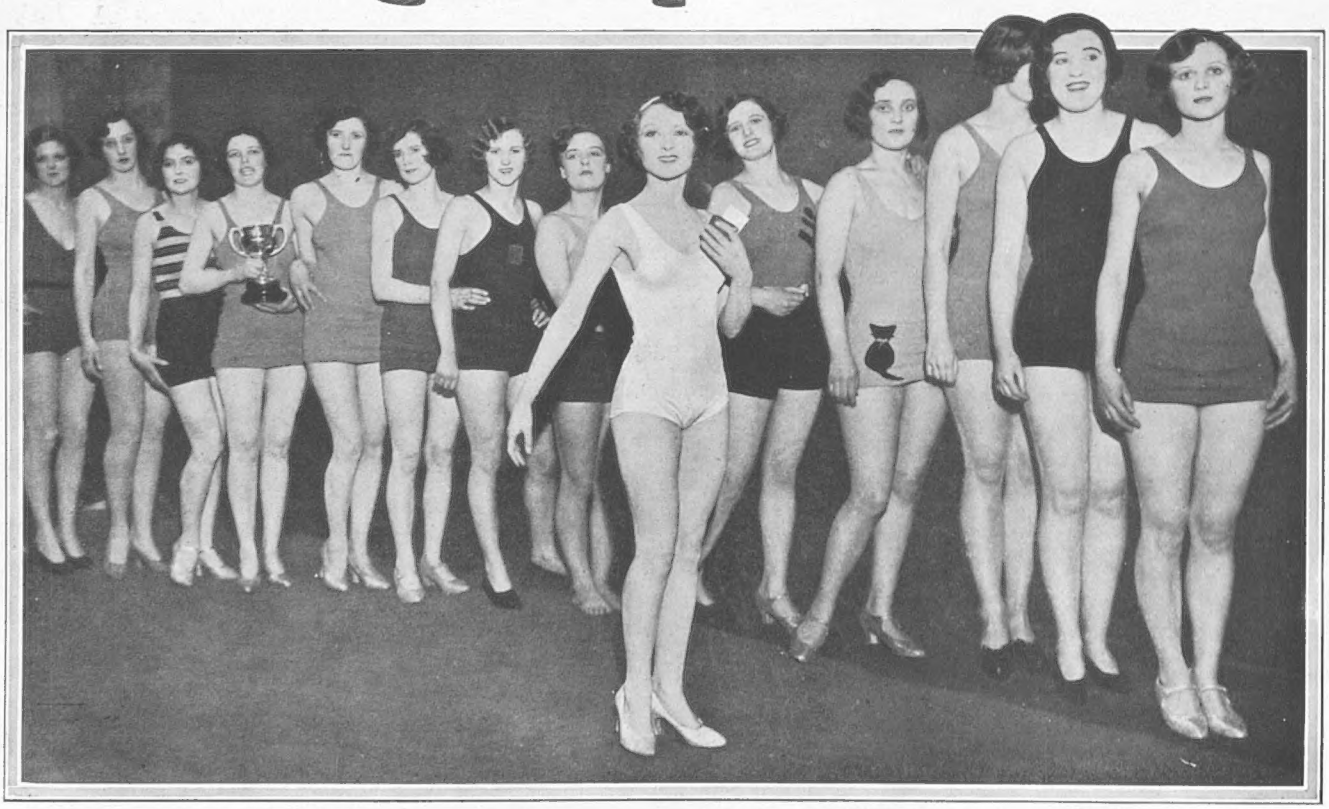
WOMEN ATHLETES OF THE HOUR

VISITORS FROM FRANCE

The French "Droit au But," ladies' ice hockey team photographed at Croydon after their arrival by air. They are playing a series of matches in this country

Left: Miss Renee Ayling being chaired by some of her friends after her victory in the Southgate and Wood Green Ladies' Cross-Country Championship at Southgate

Below: Rosemary Andrée (in the foreground), the winner of the £100 Physical Excellence Competition, seen with the other finalists on the stage of the Holborn Empire. She and her partner, Gaston, are the well-known acrobatic dancers, and are at present appearing in the Lyceum pantomime



Photographs *L.N.A., Planet News and Topical*

Central News

The Prince's Argentine residence. The charming country house on the outskirts of Buenos Aires placed at the disposal of the Prince of Wales during his visit by a member of the Government

the passing hour

WITH Industry in this country in such low water, it is more than consoling to note that the presence of the Prince of Wales in the Argentine will prove of enormous benefit to those British manufacturers who are showing at the Buenos Aires Exhibition. It was solely with the object of helping British trade that the Prince volunteered to make the long journey to South America, and his personal charm, to say nothing of the really hard work he is putting in, cannot but react favourably on our manufacturers. The Prince has been called our "Royal Commercial Traveller," and the intense keenness he has for the task in hand certainly stamps him as a real business man as well as a charming personality who increases our popularity the whole world over.

THERE is only one topic of conversation now—what is Mr. Snowden going to do to us with his Budget in April? The most cheerful dinner-party suddenly becomes gloomy when some incautious guest specu-

Keystone

The Prince of Wales being greeted by General Preston Brown, the Commandant of France Field, when he and Prince George landed at Panama. After a tour of inspection of the Field, they flew over the Panama Canal

Photopress

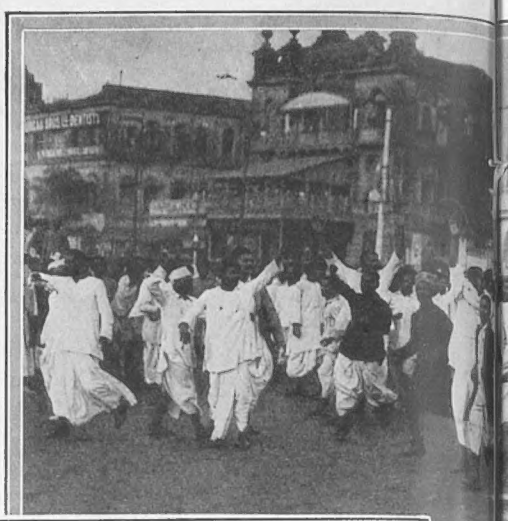
Lady Campbell and her daughter examining photographs of the "Blue Bird" making its record-breaking run. The news of his knighthood reached Capt. Malcolm Campbell on his return to England

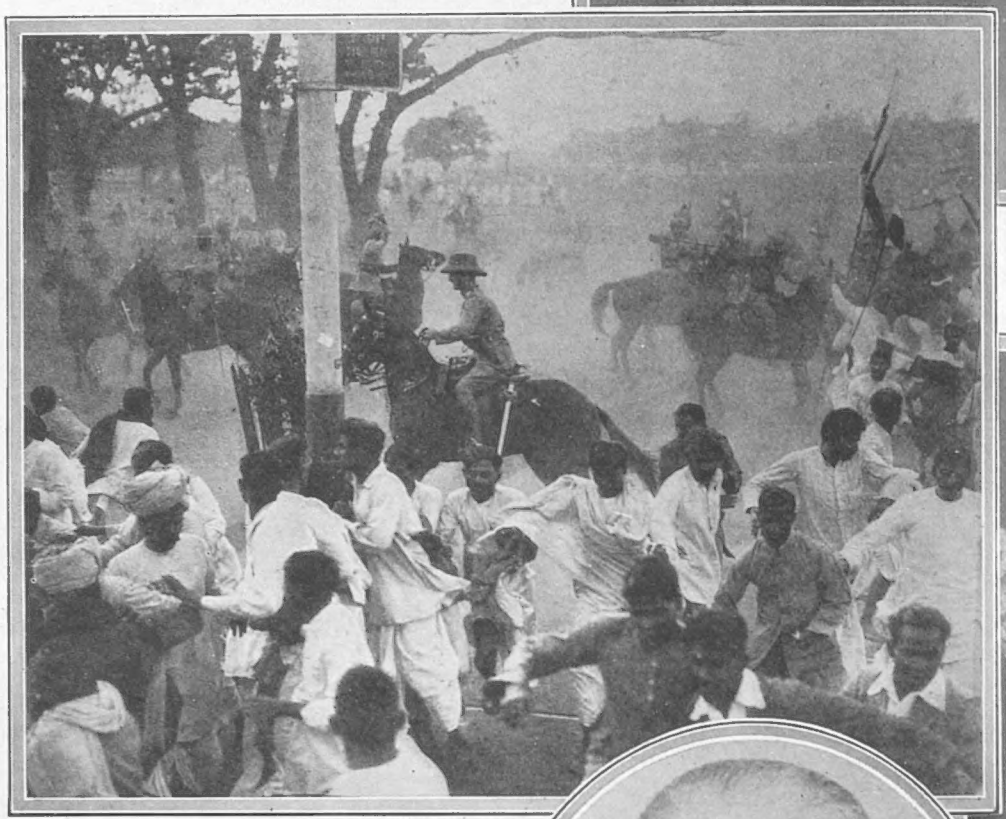
WORLD UNREST IN VARIOUS SCENES:

lates as to the meaning of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech the other day. Rich people are all convinced that there will be a further crushing addition to the super-tax. Poor people feel sure that there will be further impositions on the cost of smoking. Those neither rich nor poor say that they have heard for certain that life insurance premiums are not going to be allowed to get off so lightly as before.

It is certain, I am told, that Mr. Snowden has asked for statistical information as to the probable results yielded by an addition to the super-tax. For the sake of landowners and others who are only just struggling along as it is, let us hope that he has been told that it would be madness to try to raise any more by this means. Personally, I should not be surprised if insurance were taxed further. It is said that Mr. Snowden confessed last year that he had let it off too lightly. As for tobacco, I am told that the reason why all the firms which manufacture cigarettes are doing so well is because the two million unemployed have nothing to do except to puff fags at street corners, poor devils!

But where is this deficit of fifty or sixty million pounds to come from? Some suggest that the thirty-three million pounds which we keep in America in order to buy gold as cheaply as possible for our annual repayments to the United States may be raided. This would be financial folly of the acutest order. Being no financier myself, and in consequence voicing the opinion of millions of other people, I am convinced that the most popular thing that Snowden could possibly do—and it would take a man with his courage to do it—would be to raid the Sinking Fund heavily. But this, again, would hardly assist the launching of a conversion loan at a lower rate of interest. What a man!





Topical

MORE STRIFE IN CALCUTTA

Mounted police dispersing rioters on Independence Day when a climax came with the arrest of Mr. Subhas Chandra Bose, the Mayor. Although the Civil Disobedience Movement still continues, to the grave detriment of British trade and prestige, the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, has had no qualms about holding pow-wows with Gandhi, and the smile on the face of that particular tiger must be as large as it is ominous

Sasha

MISS E. ALLEN

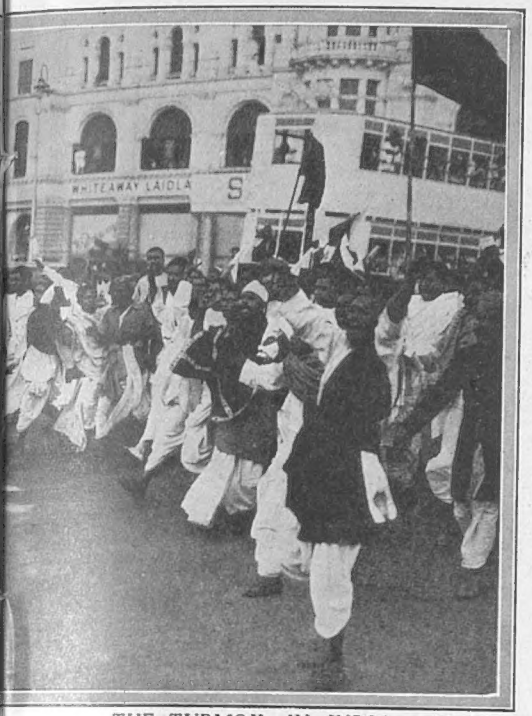
Who will captain the English team in the forthcoming International Ice Hockey match against France. It will take place on the Golders Green Ice Rink next Saturday, February 28

Central News

Admiral Juan Bautista Aznar, who has formed a new Cabinet for King Alfonso, after the failure of the exiled Republican leader, Senor Guerra, to do so

The Queen of Merry del Val, parture from mother, Pri

SPAIN AND INDIA IN THE TOILS



THE TURMOIL IN INDIA *Topical*

A huge crowd of natives making their way to the Maidan in Calcutta to hold a demonstration. The photograph was taken on Independence Day, which was marked by much civil disorder

Keystone

Spain, beside whom is the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis saying good-bye to friends at Victoria on her hurried departure for England, where she has been visiting the bedside of her sick cess Beatrice. She hastened back to take her place beside King Alfonso in his hour of trouble and anxiety

DESPITE the general depression, the restaurants and clubs are full. This is not so much reckless gaiety on the part of the supper-time crowds as it is the result of the almost entire disappearance of private entertaining. It is true that there have been two dances in the last fortnight—the Beauchamps' and the Granards' —and that the Meaths are giving one, but they are the exceptions which prove the rule. It is an ill trade wind that does no one any good, and the beneficiaries this time are the restaurants and clubs.

Lord Beaverbrook (left), the stormy petrol of politics, made a great fight with the Empire Crusade candidate, General Critchley (right), to win East Islington from the Socialists—and also Mr. Baldwin's party. A feature of the election was the indomitable energy of "Max," who spoke and fought day and night in execrable weather, and, despite a frail physique, proved that mind can prevail over matter. The Socialist gain was a Pyrrhic victory

S

I DO not think I had ever seen any younger members of the Royal Family lunching in a dance club previous to last week, when the Duke and Duchess of York honoured Ciro's with a visit. Ciro's has now made plans for a new band. It is called Ronny Hart's, and was specially recommended by Lord Tennyson, who is now in America. Hart and his men are all Canadians, and are the first crack Canadian orchestra to come over here. The reason why they are available is two-fold. First of all, the American Equity will not allow them to return and repeat their successes in New York, because by so doing they would displace an American band; and secondly, our own Ministry of Labour, while objecting to American bands coming over here, has no objections to a British Empire orchestra, which shows that wisdom is not entirely lacking in the Ministry of Labour.

Photopress and Sport and General

AFTER HIS WATERLOO—CUP

Mr. T. Cook with his greyhound, Conversion, which won the Waterloo Cup at Altcar. In the deciding course, the winner beat Sir John Humphery's puppy, Had Again, after it looked as though the latter might win a surprise victory

The "LION" BALL HELD at the MAY FAIR HOTEL

Miss Violet Code, who is in England for the Icelandic Government to make records of Icelandic music and to broadcast for the B.B.C. at the "Lion" Ball. She has already done a lot of broadcasting in America

Lady Alexander (left), Mrs. Frank d'Arcy, Lady Hewitt and Lord Danesfort, K.C. The Ball was in aid of the British Empire Union

Miss Russell Roberts and Mr. Ashcroft Thompson enjoying a little joke

Photographs

Miss Stella Pratt and Mr. Gerald Debenham enjoying the cabaret, which was one of the features of the ball. A large crowd was present to help the funds of the British Empire Union

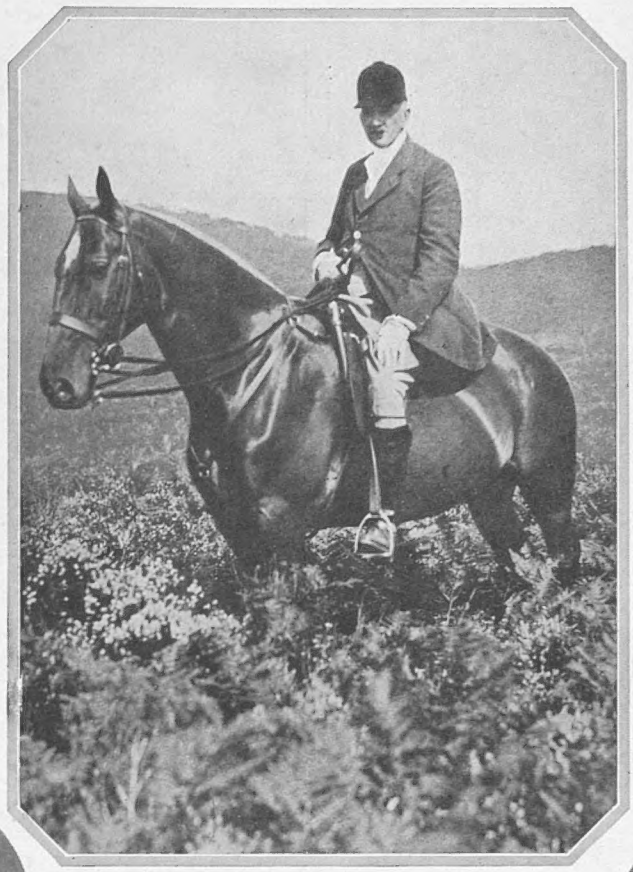
Sasha

Above are seen members of a supper party, which included Mr. H. Bibart, Miss L. Hanna, Mr. C. B. Runshard, Miss F. van der Putte, Mr. T. M. Banks, Mr. Edward Marsh, Mr. Alex Beattie and Miss Estelle Gisborne

HUNTING DAYS AND HUNTING FOLK

SIR DENNIS BOLES, a photograph of whom appears on this page, took over the West Somerset Foxhounds, with the kennels at Carhampton, in 1904, and revived the Quantock Staghounds in 1917. Three years later Sir Dennis built the present kennels on his own property at Bagborough, in the Taunton Vale, and moved the staghounds there. In 1921 he decided to hunt with his own private pack of foxhounds a part of the West Somerset country, and these hounds, which, by the way, are known as the West Somerset "Quantock" pack, are kennelled with the staghounds at Bagborough, both packs being hunted entirely at the expense of the Master.

ONE part of the West Somerset territory is therefore hunted by the Carhampton pack four days a week with a professional huntsman, and the other pack two days a week from Bagborough, Sir Dennis hunting the latter pack himself. Another famous pack, the Quantock Staghounds, meet two days a week throughout the stag- and hind-hunting seasons, and, until the last two years, when Taylor was handed the horn, the gallant Master also hunted these hounds. I understand that he will "carry on" with both packs of foxhounds next season. Sir Dennis is very loyally assisted by Mr. Harold Worrall, the hunt secretary.

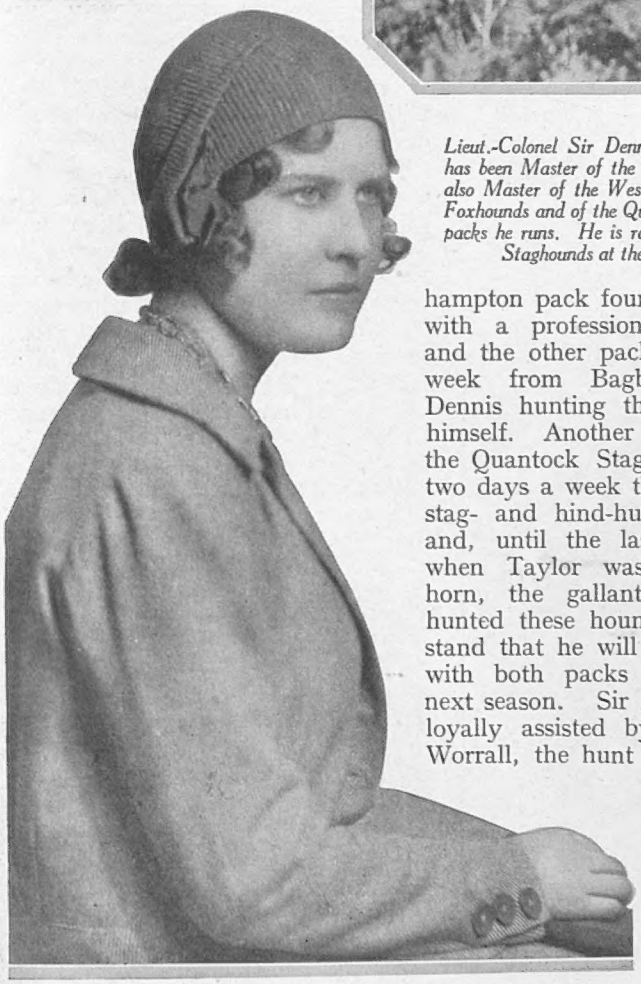


Graystone Bird

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Dennis Boles, M.F.H., M.S.H., who has been Master of the West Somerset Foxhounds and is also Master of the West Somerset "Quantock" pack of Foxhounds and of the Quantock Staghounds, both of which packs he runs. He is retiring from the Mastership of the Staghounds at the finish of the present season

IN common with many other good packs whose countries lie outside the boundaries of the "fashionable" Shires, the Old Berkshire (a double-page picture of this famous hunt appears on pp. 354-355) is rather inclined to "hide its light" under the proverbial bushel. The fine traditions of this ancient hunt are being splendidly maintained by its present Joint-Masters, Mr. A. Paget Steavenson and Major J. L. Nickisson. The first-named took over the reins of office from Mr. C. R. Mills eleven years ago, and Major Nickisson joined Mr. Steavenson in 1923. Major A. T. West, of Barcote Manor, Faringdon, has acted as hon. secretary for a number of seasons; while Fred Holland, the present huntsman and kennel-huntsman, has been with the pack since 1919.

ONE of the best and most novel cocktail parties of the week was that given



Marion Lewis

MISS PAMELA BOWES-LYON

A new photograph of the Duchess of York's cousin who is engaged to Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton. Their wedding will take place at Beaulieu Abbey, in Hampshire, on Saturday, April 18

MISS BRIDGET LIDDELL

The only daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Liddell, who is to marry Mr. Peter Smith-Dorrien on April 24. Her fiancé is the second son of General Sir Horace and Lady Smith-Dorrien

AT THE LONDON AEROPLANE CLUB'S DINNER

Topical

Some guests at the London Aeroplane Club's dinner. Capt. Geoffrey de Havilland and Mrs. Chalmers

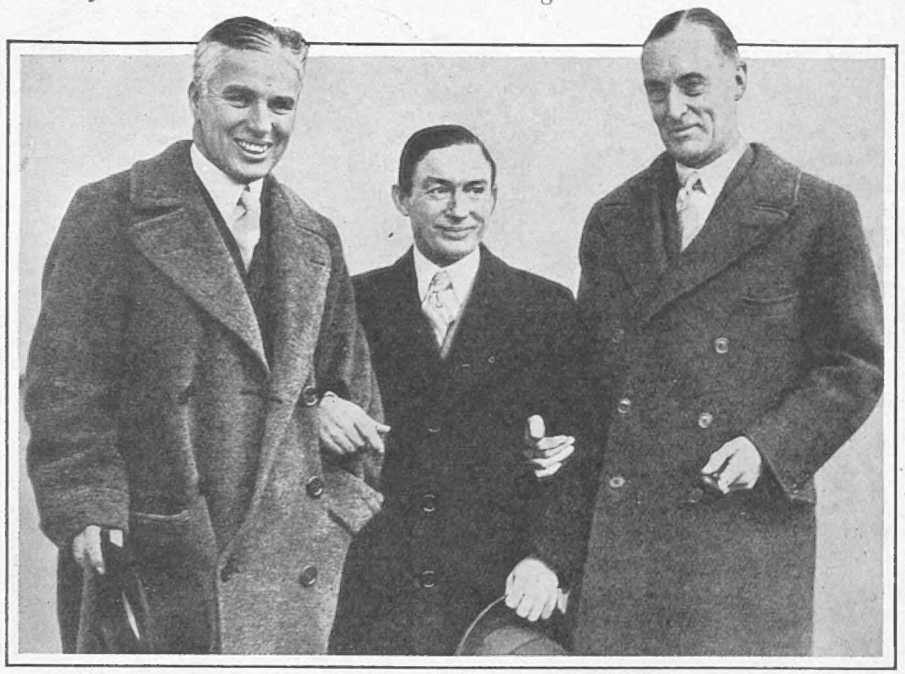
Topical

Mrs. Perrin (left), Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Shelmerdine, O.B.E., who has succeeded Sir Sefton Brancker as Director of Civil Aviation, and Mrs. Wilson

Topical

Commander H. E. Perrin (left), Mrs. Shelmerdine and Capt. C. B. Wilson at the London Aeroplane Club's dinner, held at the Park Lane Hotel last week

by Captain Barnato at Claridge's. The guests had no idea until they arrived that it was on behalf of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. The invitation cards said that the object concerned everyone interested in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. It turned out that tickets were for sale in connection with the Boat race result. The novelty of the affair was provided by Harris's band from the Embassy; for, in addition to the room where the cocktails were served, there was a ball-room where there was dancing.



A FAMOUS TRIO OF "KINGS" L.N.A.

A photograph of three distinguished passengers on board the "Mauretania" after the trials of the crossing has been forgotten and smiles and the calm waters of Plymouth replaced the somewhat strained looks and unrestrained waves of the Atlantic. Although they need no introduction, we may mention that they are Charles Chaplin, the King of Screen Comedians, Steve Donoghue, the King of Jockeys, and Sir Malcolm Campbell, the King of Speed

THE King of Denmark has been tremendously busy at Cannes, for he has been sailing the Dana every day in one of the many competitions, with varying success, until, on the last day of the Regatta, he scored an extremely popular win after a very close and exciting match. He also attended the great "Blue and White" luncheon, and gave away the various cups and prizes, while he was the chief feature of a most important function at the Mairie, where the King received the title of Honorary Citizen of Cannes before a big assembly of notabilities and members of Cannes society.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

POLYDROSS is almost sure to pick up a selling 'chase in the near future. Many shrewd backers snapped up "outside" prices against the six-year-old at Hurst Park. Finished fourth.

MEANDER put up a good show against Go Easy and Arctic Star at Hurst Park. Took the lead at half way, but finished third. Can be followed with confidence.

WIVENHOE will improve on his Newbury running and win in the near future. Long odds were taken against him, and he ran really well to secure third place to Queen's Park. Just lacked finishing speed.

BENZOL carried good money at Haydock Park, but the four-year-old failed to run up to expectations. He will atone for this defeat.

PEERTOI is a hurdler to follow this week at Lingfield. With a pull of 8 lb. over Knight of Knocklevan, he should make amends for his defeat at the last Lingfield meeting.

HIGHTIDE IV will win over hurdles before the season ends. Showed marked improvement at Derby and was strongly fancied.

Central Press

Miss Frances Lockett, the "Cotton Queen," on her way to tell Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, what Cottonopolis wants in India and elsewhere. She has been chosen by her workmates as the prettiest girl in the mills, and is appearing at the British Industries Fair

THE King made a really charming speech, and, after signing the roll, went out to lay a big red and white wreath (Danish colours) at the foot of the War Memorial. Afterwards he received the 22nd Battalion of the Chasseurs Alpine, and then motored off with the Queen, who seemed very much touched by the ceremony.

POLITICAL by-elections are so elastic that figures can be twisted into meaning nearly anything that anybody wants them to mean. At the same time, it requires colossal cheek or consummate faith—I don't know which—on the part of Mrs. Manning, the new Socialist M.P. for East Islington, to announce her election as "a Government triumph—a message to Mr. MacDonald and his followers to go on with the good work"! Because, all said and done, the Socialists polled 4,608 less votes than in the last election, whereas the Conservatives polled 1,855 more, and, had the vote not been split, Mrs. Manning would have lost the seat by nearly 5,000.

THESE are facts which at any rate cannot be denied, nor that the Liberals have proved once again to be rapidly nearing extinction. Another fact is that the Baldwin nominee, Miss Cazalet, polled 6,459 votes less than were given at the last election; almost as big a slump as the Liberal, and also that General Critchley, who entered the first at the last moment, with a hastily constructed organisation, gathered in 1,132 more votes than Miss Cazalet.

Hay Wrightson

MISS ELIZABETH VESEY

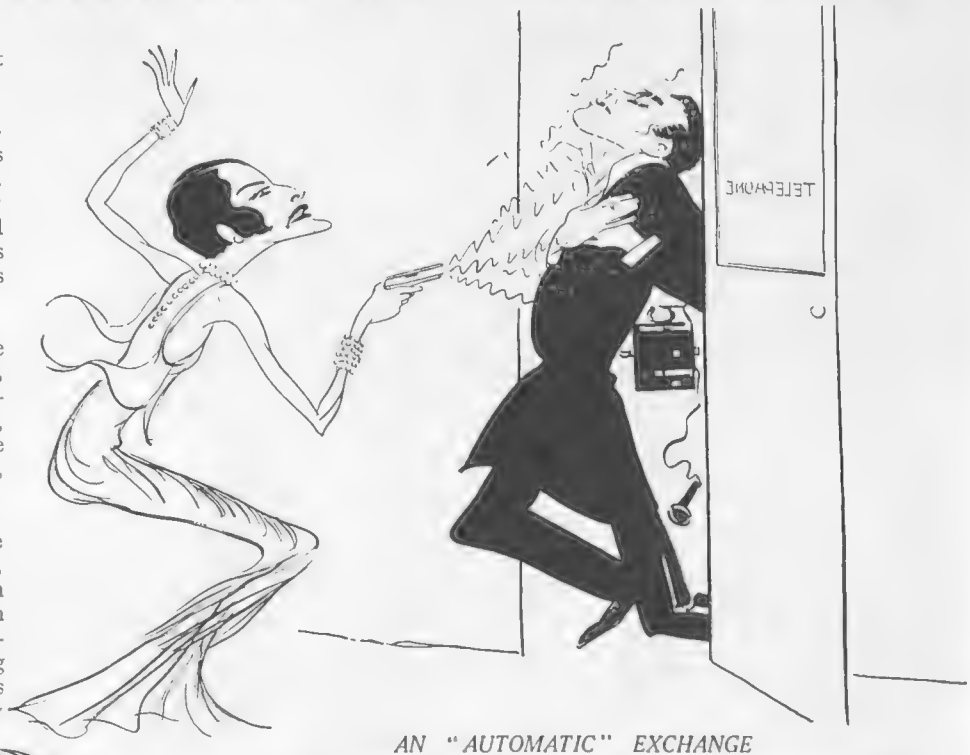
Whose engagement has been announced to Capt. William Forbes, of the Coldstream Guards. She is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Osbert Vesey, the elder brother and heir-presumptive of Viscount de Vesci

SOME persons will deny that East Islington represents the general feeling of the electors, but, on the whole, it seems to be a fair criterion. The Socialist is in on a minority vote, the Liberals are utterly discredited, and there are over 8,314 persons in the constituency who have definitely revolted against the hand of Conservatism as represented by Mr. Baldwin and the Old Gang. It may be surmise, but it looks uncannily like the writing on the wall for the Old Gang, with their feeble attitude on India and other parts of the Empire, and their funk in regard to food taxes and full-blooded Protection. The election at St. George's, Hanover Square, may prove another eye-opener, but there is one thing very certain to-day, that wherever Conservatives get a chance to vote for a strong Imperial policy, or for the Baldwin hand of "Safety First," the split in the Conservative ranks proves deep and incurable, unless Mr. Baldwin recognises facts and retires. No amount of ill-temper by Lord Hailsham, or irritation by *The Morning Post*, will alter that.

EDNA KNOWS BEST

Edna Best, the English actress, has rocked Hollywood to its foundations by throwing up her contract with Metro-Goldwyn Mayer and casting the dust of flickerdom from her feet. Her excuse for leaving was that she was "awfully homesick" and "would not be any good in the picture." She is seen above with her husband, Herbert Marshall, the actor

"Horrible Murders in Whitehall



AN "AUTOMATIC" EXCHANGE

Cora Drew (Cathleen Nesbitt), annoyed at the murder of her best young man, gives a dose of his own medicine to Guy Hilton (Leonard Upton)

Just lately the cry has arisen that things are so bad in the theatrical world that it would require a Snowden to picture them properly. It is no use denying the obvious and saying that all is rosy when it isn't. But business has not been helped by production after production of very bad plays, for a success in theatreland helps to make others successful. Failures have the opposite effect.

Had there been a conspiracy to stage the "duds" on which managers, evidently in moments of temporary insanity, had secured options all together, there could hardly have been more failures than we have lately seen—or, luckily, have not.

The critics were down upon these plays like a ton of bricks, but, though they may have been right in the main, the abuse showered on them struck me as being unbalanced. Productions which were certainly nothing out of the ordinary, but nevertheless possessing merit, being as harshly treated as those which had none.

Some of them were stabbed to death straight away; others are dying a more lingering death. But if every production which is slated by the Press is at once withdrawn a new fashion has come into being which is not to be welcomed.

The Lady Frances Heather (Marion Lorne), a Duke's daughter, adopts the career of a Fleet Street gossip writer, whose motto . . is "When found make a note of"

Not every play which critics dislike has failed. I could name several which, despite bad notices and bad business at first, became winners in the end because the manager had faith in his choice, and gave the public a chance of endorsing it. The managerial extinction of some of the latest shows savours of panic.

Even comedies—like musical comedies—can be pulled together and improved after a first night, and though I am not staking my reputation upon asserting that any play lately produced would have ultimately succeeded, I do hold, even though I myself am a critic, that if every production slanged by the Press is immediately withdrawn it places in the hands of "big circulation" critics a power which is inimical to the interests of the theatre, and one which they should not wield.

"Good Losers," at the Whitehall

I doubt whether *Good Losers* will be taken off after a few days, one reason being that Walter Hackett occupies an ideal position in the West End theatrical world. He has at his command the Whitehall Theatre, one of the most beautiful and comfortable in London; he writes his own plays; he produces them himself; and he can command the services of one of our most amusing actresses, Marion Lorne, who happens to be his wife, to act in what he writes.

For his latest production here he has in *Good Losers* collaborated with Michael Arlen. Collaboration is often interesting in that it allows one to guess what each author has contributed to the sum total. I am inclined to make a bet that in this play Walter Hackett was, in the main, responsible for the plot if only for the reason that it is very much on the lines of those of other plays from the pen of this author.

A war prologue, which is hardly necessary, shows three officers escaping over the Dutch frontier, and one of them, Captain Randall, saves the lives of the other two, Lt.-Commander Doyle, R.N., and Major Cunningham. From this 1917 scene of mud and blood we are transported to the 1931 merriment in Mayfair—Balbi's Restaurant in St. James's Street, where Doyle and Cunningham, having escaped Hun bullets and suffering from wounds inflicted by the Services axe, are making a somewhat precarious livelihood, Doyle as a glorified chucker-out and Cunningham as a dancing "pro."

But what of the last of the three musketeers? Well, Randall, to put it bluntly, has become a burglar, and has just cracked a crib. Randall got

"—SPEESHUL!" By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "GOOD LOSERS," AT THE WHITEHALL THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Chief Inspector Preston (Eric Maturin) decides to give the lads, Doyle (Ian Hunter) and Cunningham (Francis Lister), a chance to prove their innocence, even though the latter is suspected of murder

away with six thousand pounds' worth of bearer bonds (very nice, too) and a bullet wound in his thigh (not so good), and sought sanctuary at the flat of his pal Cunningham.

So far all is crystal clear, but then the plot begins to thicken, and it becomes so thick that it is a little difficult to swallow. It is easy to understand that someone else had put a shot through the chest of the burglar while lying doggo and wounded in his pal's flat and bunked off with the bonds. I also realised how easy it was for suspicion to fall on Cunningham for this murder; but what, even with wet towels round my head and a bovrilised concentration, I am even now unable to gather is how the crime was brought home to the murderer who was himself murdered later by one of the burglar's "lady friends."

THERE was some business with an overcoat left in the cloak-room, which was so complicated that its purport quite eluded me. But while in the theatre I must admit I didn't try very hard to capture it, for the reason that amidst all this background of crime wanders, or rather—if a may coin a phrase—walks stutteringly Marion Lorne as the daughter of an impoverished Duke who has become a Society journalist. The Lady Frances Heather is to the audience as positive a joy as she would be a terror to the sub-editors on the paper in receipt of her inaccurate and often libellous copy!

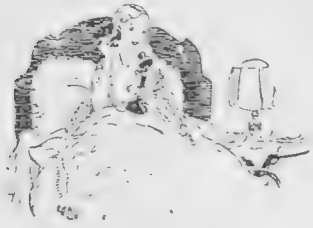
HERE, indeed, is the Hackett mixture as before; and here is Marion Lorne once again giving us a perfect portrait of chuckle-headed femininity always trying to do the right thing and securing a fairly satisfactory ending by doing the wrong one. And because Marion Lorne is what she is, and because the restaurant scenes are full of acute observation and humour, it is the laughs in *Good Losers* which take precedence over the thrills.

IN a long cast Ian Hunter and Francis Lister as the chucker-out and dancing "pro" have much to do, and do it excellently. Anthony Holles as Balbi, the restaurant proprietor, is like every restaurateur who ever lived and died. Cathleen Nesbitt gives an air of impending disaster to the proceedings, while a neat character sketch of a cloak-room attendant was provided by R. A. Shiner. Eric Maturin as a detective was theatrically effective, even though Scotland Yard might have given him a bad mark for allowing a supposed murderer to have half an hour's grace to discover the real culprit! V. W.

STRANGE SIGNS IN A FOYER

Unseen by Chief Inspector Preston (Eric Maturin), ex-Lt.-Commander Doyle (Ian Hunter) signals to the Lady Frances Heather (Marion Lorne) not to reveal information for which the police are searching, and being that sort of woman, semaphores signals back again

The Marchesa Malacrida presenting a prize to Mrs. Arthur Fullman at the amusing Shrove Tuesday party she gave at her house in Grosvenor Street, when Cocktails, Pancakes and Silly Games were features of the party. Included in the above group are Mr. Nelson Keys, Miss Faith Bevan, Mr. Terry Weldon and Lady (Hamilton) Grant



GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. Hello! . . . Good morning, darling. . . . Yes, I feel all bright and early this morning; just come in from the Row. . . No, not too many riders so early. . . . Yes, of course, *she* was there, and *he* was waiting as usual . . . it's the only time her husband allows her off the lead, so to speak—it is lucky that he can't ride, too. . . .

* * *

WE hear actors and actresses complaining so often of the audience that I was amused to see Raymond Massy and his pretty wife get in a muddle over their seats at the first night of the St. James. . . . Twice they moved the whole of Barbara Back's party of eight before they were finally settled. . . . However, one would forgive Adrienne Allen anything, because she looked so divinely pretty . . . wearing white satin and sable with brown gloves to match her fur. . . .

* * *

BLOSSOM Freeman-Thomas was wearing long gloves the other night at the Embassy . . . beige ones . . . but I didn't care for her high-waisted dress of red velvet, although, of course, she looks beautiful in anything, but velvet, to my mind, is a horrible material when it is sat on. . . . Sylvia Ashley's black velvet, however, made her more deliciously fair than ever; she was in a party one night with two other very lovely blondes—Valerie French and Edith Baker. . . . I like the earrings Sylvia's sister, Vera Bleck, wears . . .

MRS. R. M. LLOYD STILL

Whose wedding to Capt. R. M. Lloyd Still, of the Indian Medical Service, took place at St. Mary's Church, Luton, on February 17. Mrs. Lloyd Still, who was formerly Miss Vera Allen, is the holder of the South Bedfordshire ladies' singles lawn tennis championship and plays lacrosse for Hertfordshire

huge diamond drops which just show under her curls. . . .

* * *

EVERYONE is interested in the new friendship between a famous hostess of one political party and the leader of another. . . . I wonder if another lovely lady who is also interested in politics is a little piqued. . . .

* * *

I SAW Pola Negri the other day with Glen Kidston. She was looking very attractive in furs, and one of those strange but becoming close-fitting caps she affects. . . . She told me she had just had her feet photographed . . . which, as she has beautiful ones, struck me as a sensible idea. . . . Florence de Pena has the most perfect feet in London, and I believe her shoes number hundreds and hundreds of pairs. . . .

* * *

I'VE never seen so many literary lions as there were at the Marchesa Malacrida's Shrove Tuesday party. . . . Gilbert Frankau was in great form, and so was Edgar Wallace. . . . The "silly games" we were asked to do held no secrets for the latter. . . . I love the Marchesa's clothes; they are nearly always original, and often of that blood-red ruby colour which suits her so well. . . . Her husband, who is very artistic, helps her to design them, and he is certainly very successful. . . .

* * *

NOREEN HAMILTON-WEDDERBURN, a debutante of last year, is a typical Victorian type. . . . She is as pretty as a piece of delicate china, and has two younger sisters exactly like her. . . . Their mother's house, decorated in pale colours with water-colours . . . flowers . . . and silk cushions is a perfect frame for them. . . . I like houses that reflect their owners. Sonia Cubitt's, for instance, has lofty rooms decorated in a dignified but charming manner with a warm colour here and there like a sense of humour, and very comfortable chairs and sofas.

* * *

LADY MUNNENS has brilliant walls, a vast marble hall and staircase . . . a panelled study with marvellous carving, tapestry chairs rich with colour and design. . . . Lady (Hamilton) Grant has a large room with very little furniture, perfect for sound. . . . The decoration leading the eye to one perfect flower picture. . . . sunshine walls in the rest of the house, and huge windows letting in the sunshine itself. . . .

* * *

I'M off for a face massage or a shampoo. I haven't time for both. . . . What! you're having a wax bath? . . . I hate looking like a bulbous tallow candle, but it does make you feel marvellous. . . I like foam baths myself. . . . Such fun—like blowing bubbles. . . . Au revoir. . . .

BY GEORGE WHITELAW

"What, nobody dead? Gad, the Club's not what it was!"

If Gossip We

"ESMÉ"

Who is known to thousands of visitors to the Trocadero Cabaret, where she was billed as the "Sweet Singer" after she took up the rôle of Commère, was recently married to Mr. John A. C. Barradale, the composer and lyric writer, who composed some of her songs. "The Bystander" was the first paper to pay tribute to Esmé's skill when she blossomed from a chocolate-seller into a star, and it is in the rôle of journal-godparent that we wish her and her husband every happiness

Navan

BETTY BAXENDALE

The clever young actress who is now playing one of the leading rôles in "Tantivy Towers," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. A. P. Herbert is responsible for the most amusing book of this light opera, which is playing to packed houses

IN the midst of a a Parliamentary session crammed with business of urgent importance, we have just had the depressing spectacle of much time being wasted on a debate of record futility—that on Mr. Scrymgeour's Total Prohibition Bill.

Mr. Scrymgeour is said to possess the respect of many people at Westminster because he is superlatively honest and is obsessed by one idea, for which he is prepared to sacrifice everything. So is an Indian fakir, who sits on spikes in the sun, or who holds up one arm for years until it is withered. The difference is that while the fakir does not fritter away anyone's time but his own, Mr. Scrymgeour does. He made a speech lasting forty minutes, not one word of which contained a grain of sense. A fakir holds up his arm. But Mr. Scrymgeour holds up serious Parliamentary business.

IT is typical of the fanatic that under his Bill there was no hint of compensation for the thousands and thousands of honest people—just as honest as Mr. Scrymgeour and not nearly so silly—his proposals would throw out of work should they become the law of the land. Wine merchants, their employees, publicans, potmen, brewers, and all the people with money invested in such concerns Mr. Scrymgeour would ruin—honest and well-meaning man that he is—without batting an eyelid. Fanatics, too, are famous for their utter lack of humour. Characteristic is it that the Bill suggested that all alcohol should bear a large red label, "Poison," and be sold only by chemists by a doctor's prescription. Fancy putting "Poison" on a bottle of fine old vintage port or even on the humble, harmless, and necessary beer!

OF course, America was quoted by the supporters of Total Abstinence by law. So just for one short moment let us turn our attention to America and its relation to the drink question. The annual mortality from alcoholism in the United States has increased 300 per cent. since 1920, when Prohibition came into force. Further, the recent "graft" inquiry in New York showed that the majority of magistrates and civic officers in that city alone work hand in glove with the bootleggers, and that a bribery fund of no less than £1,000,000 a year is regarded as quite the normal thing.

So let Mr. Scrymgeour put that in his cup of cocoa and drink it.

MR. SNOWDEN'S famous economy speech had its funny moments, solemn proceeding though it was. The Chancellor started off by appealing for help from all political parties, which drew an encouraging cheer from the

1ST BOHEMIAN: "Sol
2ND BOHEMIAN: "Onl

Must

Conservatives, and in about five minutes was railing away against the Conservatives as being the cause of all the trouble, and was being as unpleasant to the Liberals as it was safe to be, considering the Government is dependent on their support for continuing in office. This, of course, does not alter the fact that Socialism has broken down on finance. It is now obvious that the doctrine that to tax the rich man out of existence will make everything in the garden lovely for the poor has been proved a complete fallacy, though none are so blind as those who will not realise this. The offer to reduce Cabinet salaries was simply puerile. It would be far better if those members of the

I.B.

Some of the Chelsea Pensioners who recently witnessed the Lyceum Pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," as the guests of the management, seen with the three leading comedians, Naughton and Gold and George Jackley, and Constance Carpenter and Kitty Reidy, the Principal Girl and Principal Boy

Keystone

Members of the "Chelsea Follies," who acted as Maids of Honour to the Carnival Queen at the Mayfair-Montmartre Ice Carnival, to be staged at the Hammersmith Ice Drome, seen at a rehearsal. The carnival, which was in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, took place on Shrove Tuesday

By Webster Murray

anything lately?"
my overcoat!"

Clark and McCullough, two of the stars in C. B. Cochran's 1931 revue, which started a preliminary provincial season in Manchester on February 18. It is due at the London Pavilion on Thursday, March 19

Fort Buckle

AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY

The back is that of Gabrielle Carsatelli, who has scored a marked success as Nona, the Cingalese girl, in "Ninety-One Miles from Colombo," at the Everyman Theatre. She is to be seen in the revival of "The Amateur Socialist," at the Arts Theatre, and has been doing film work during the day

Cabinet who have any real ability (about 10 per cent.) were to double their salaries—and earn them.

"SINCE December," Miss Margaret Bondfield chirped in the House of Commons last week, "there has been a very rapid increase (in the number of unemployed). On February 2 the figure stood at 2,624,000, and I can give no assurance that the peak has yet been reached." Thus speaks Miss Bondfield as a Labour Cabinet Minister. But what did Miss Bondfield say *before* she became a Labour Cabinet Minister? She said, "Put Labour in office, and we will cure unemployment *in three weeks.*"

THERE was nothing "tragic"—the description of most of the papers—in the death of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans. Most of us would wish to die painlessly, in our sleep. "Worthy" was a good sort, though as a politician high up in the second class only. He was as straight as a die, however, and an indefatigable worker. But he had his relaxations, and post-prandial oratory was one of them. One of the last times I met him was at the annual dinner of the Stage Golfing Society, always a rather Rabelaisian occasion, and he and Owen Nares, who was at the same table, started capping each other's witticisms, to everyone's amusement. "Worthy" told funny stories in a loud voice, and Owen told them in a soft voice, and all was well.

NINA TARASOVA

The brilliant interpreter of folk songs, who made her appearance at the Trocadero last week. A Russian, she is a clever linguist and sings in English, Polish, German, Italian, French and Spanish as well as in her native language

The best-tempered man in the world, "Worthy" was sensitive on one point only—he hated to be called "Ally Sloper," perhaps because he did possess some faint resemblance to that famous character. I heard this shouted at him at a rather rowdy election meeting, and for once in a way he seemed quite disconcerted, lost the thread of his argument, and sat down in a temper.

THE enormous crop of bad plays produced recently has given rise to some foolish sayings on the part of certain of the folk who have pro-

CRICKET: THE TEETOTAL TRUTH

Lady Astor has recently been attacking our Test cricketers, saying that we lost the rubber against Australia because our opponents were all teetotalers and our men were not. When it was pointed out to her that this was a mis-statement of fact, she remained quite undaunted.

AH, lady, dear, you do not know
Half of the truth concerning cricket;
So let me now reveal to you
Facts which, though horrible, are true
Concerning that unholy crew
We dub both "bat and wicket";
Those fellows who will not endure a
Season lived on naught but aqua pura.

Both Hobbs and Sutcliffe, sad to tell,
Are two who need your sternest stricture,
For they have often courted Fame
By stealing "short ones" in the game;
And Patsy Hendren (Oh, the shame!)
Is very often in the picture
When taking a strong pull with great will,
And who will oft be "swerving"? Maurice
Tate will!

But, lady, dear, there's worse to come,
So face the facts and do not falter!
I must reveal the sad news that
In May each villain gets his bat
Completely "oiled"—the dirty rat!—
Although it's "spliced" (not at an altar).
And what is more, I much regret to
Say our wickets oft are "soaked" and
"wet," too! B. W.

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Gillian, the wife of Capt. Hugh Gillian, formerly of the King's African Rifles, and the elder sister of Viscount Scarsdale. She recently opened a new restaurant where only country fare is provided, and, being a great animal-lover, is making a feature of Dog Dinners. Her friends are serving as waitresses, and one of them, Mrs. Rupert Byass, formerly Miss Moyna Mannering, sings in the restaurant

duced them and acted in them. Plays fail for one reason and for one reason only—because they are not sufficiently interesting to attract the public. Yet I am constantly coming across disgruntled authors, producers, and actors declaring, after a short run, that the play was "killed by the Press." "The critics had their knife into us," is a familiar phrase; "we would have been all right had it not been for them.

chance of success even had those same critics unanimously declared that it was a good one.

But the limit of absurdity was reached not so very long ago when a certain notably unsuccessful dramatist (he has been having another shot again recently) gave forth his own explanation as to why critics damn certain plays. "Dramatic critics," he suggested, "are paid by the job. So the more plays they criticise the more money they earn, and it is to their advantage to see that plays fail as frequently as possible in order that more of them may be produced."

Pretty, isn't it?

Pearl Freeman

Frances Day, the American cabaret star, whose dancing and "daring" songs are proving very popular at the May Fair Hotel. She is shortly returning to Ciro's, where she has already scored a big success

By Platford

"A night club is the last place to which a man should take a nice girl"
"And it usually is so!"

They were determined to squash us."

Now this is utter nonsense. London's theatrical Press, though it contains one or two nincompoops, is the most honest in the world. Moreover, it does not act in concert. Many dramatic critics do not even know each other; others know, but loathe, each other. The idea of all of them getting together in solemn conclave before a new production and agreeing, without any motive whatever, to damn it, is ludicrous. You can take it as a pretty fair working rule that no play which has been universally slated by the critics would have had the faintest

It was rather sporting of them to perform at Cambridge an opera with words by William Shakespeare, and music by Henry Purcell. I went to Cambridge for the last night of the week's run of *The Fairy Queen*—a setting of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—which, except for a production by the same society in 1920, had not been performed since 1694. For that there may be an explanation, for it is not exactly "snappy," though praiseworthy, and all that. Mr. Stanley Baldwin went one night and gave the piece his blessing, and Sir Nigel Playfair had travelled up all the way from Hammersmith, possibly with a view to producing it eventually at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Both the brilliant sons of Mr. McKenna were in the cast. I did not envy the lot of young Mr. David McKenna, who, almost stark naked, on one of the coldest nights I ever remember, had to sing a long tenor song clamped to a gigantic property pineapple.

DRESS & THE NEW AGE

By Blanche B. Elliott

THE Paris dress shows have created the usual stir of excitement and hustle in the French capital, the culminating point of the dress year being marked by the Bal de la Couture on February 10. This is held yearly for the benefit and encouragement of what might be termed the "art of the sempstress," a calling of which the French nation is justly proud. Accompanied with much ceremonial, the wide staircase of the Opera House is lined with the picturesque uniform of the Republican Garde, and many prominent officials are present. It is enthusiastically attended by the humblest members of the profession of "la couture," from the commissionaire who bows you through the jealously guarded portals of les grandes maisons up to the great artist creators themselves. Packed to overflowing, it has to be seen to realise what an important part La Mode plays in the life of the French people. Would that we had such an organisation in England to aid and encourage our dressmaking trade, which is apt to be regarded as a rather frivolous pursuit, leading to undue extravagance instead of a serious and profitable profession giving employment to millions.

WHATEVER may be the state of economic upheaval in the various countries, there seemed to be no dearth of dress buyers. There was perhaps rather more than the usual bargaining, as high prices called forth resentment when the price of materials had been lowered, but the favoured houses were always crowded to overflowing. More attention was given to the "bread and butter" stuff, and naturally less to extravagant purchases. With the slight movement upwards of the world's markets, an optimistic feeling was apparent until killed stone dead by our own Chancellor, who seems to take a melancholy joy of wallowing in misery and insisting that everyone should share his depression.

WITH an intuitive response to the general feeling for a lack ot extravagance, there has everywhere been a simplification of line, an absence of the exaggerations with which we were threatened last year. There are signs enough that modern woman, with her varied pursuits and activities, cannot accept the dress tyrannies of her grandmothers, who were able to drive leisurely in barouches or sit with folded hands in the drawing-rooms. Always following feminine psychology closely, the couturier has now proceeded along the emancipated lines she has indicated, and is showing pyjama dresses and jupe cutlottes, even shorts, for all times of the day and night. Not only are these for the beach and yachting, but there are exquisite pyjamas du soir, such as is illustrated nere, and these were shown in such beauty and variation in each and every collection that the fashion could not be ignored.

THEIR intrusion in the world of dress I have referred to often in these pages, and this season the mode has triumphed over all others. In their modern interpretation it is often impossible to see whether they *are* pyjamas or not, and this gains an added piquancy when many dresses are made with a fullness coming from the centre front in a point or panel, making them look as though they might be pyjamas, yet are not. Certain it is that they must be cut by a master hand and be assumed by the young and slim. But as a mode they are chic, new, and amusing.

The close-fitting hip and flowing hem illustrates the new line in this enchanting model in black faille. A touch of frail innocence is given in the pale pink fichu and demure pink posy
Model Jean Patou

Modern femininity strikes a bold note in the pyjama du soir crêpe de Chine and coatee of mousseline lamé

Here is an example of delicate charm, with Zouave-shaped trousers of white Model Maggy Rouff

EVEN into what has been accepted as conventional evening wear has crept an entirely new note. Everywhere it will be seen that, while keeping charm and femininity in his designs, the couturier has made a complete capitulation to the exigencies of woman's life in this the new age.

TALKING of blouses, these have taken on a new lease of life in the shape of little tunic blouses with fitting hips, waistcoats, or sleeveless gilets. Often they are striped with a diagonal line, and give a bright touch of colour to a plain coloured suit. In silk piqué or lingerie they are very new and delightful. This type of tunic blouse has largely ousted the tuck in, because it is more generally becoming to the shorter and not-so-slim figure; also, its success is partly due to the fact that waists are still non-existent, and a blouse worn under the skirt is apt to make the silhouette wide—a thing to be avoided at all costs. Sports jerseys are often tucked in when made of the fine lacey weaves or the openwork fish-net kind that Schiaparelli has introduced with such originality. A very new little sports coat shown by Patou I particularly noticed, just finished at the waistline into its own belt fastening with a single button. There is a tendency for this bolero effect in many different styles of materials.

ANOTHER new idea for spring which looks like becoming a craze is the colour contrast ensemble. There is a strong vogue for the light-coloured coat worn with the dark skirt, and this is carried out in a number of snappy colour combinations. A white coat is worn with a black skirt, a beige coat with dark brown skirt, a burnt orange with a white or a black skirt, light green or yellow with black, and so on. The short coat, by the way, is first in favour, as is usual at this time of year. It is usually expressed in single-breasted style with a tightly fitting hip and a slight uplift movement in front, looking as though the button fastening were being strained upwards. There were many smart little tailor suits shown for spring wear in this style. The sac usually accompanies the one-piece frock, while the long coat showed a tendency to fit closely at the waist. B. B. E.

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

TALES OF TRAVEL AND TRAVAIL

By Clemence Dane

THIS month's Book Society's list contains a love-story, *World Without End*, by Helen Thomas; the biography of that great and most original novelist, dramatist and human being, Charles Reade; a collected edition of Oscar Wilde's writings; and two, if not three, outspoken books about hells—one green, one grey, one parti-coloured.

TO Mr. Duguid, who gives us a new travel book, *Green Hell* is another word for the monstrous continents of forest that blanket South America. To Mr. Mann, author of *Albert Grope, Memoirs of a Belated Victorian*, "Hell is a city much like London"; while hell to the readers of Miss Benson's *Tobit Transplanted* is but another word for modern China.

In Mr. Duguid's book "the spirit of Green Hell, merciless and indomitable, beckons the wanderer forward with a will-o'-the-wispy, tantalising smile," only to bewilder him with the torments of hunger, thirst; man-eating fish, flesh, and fowl; myriad insects, and "some six hundred breeds of Indians that flit like fleas through the green covering of its skin."

But the insects were the worst horror.

"Towards evening we forgot our thirst in a phenomenon which we often met again, but of which we had been ignorant until then. We were still passing through the tunnel of the jungle and were looking towards the mouth where the sun was sinking in a ball of red flame, when an extraordinary noise broke out. It was sudden and metallic, and Urrio, who had been almost asleep in the saddle, awoke with a jerk. It rose in waves and died away only to rear up again with a shrill whine as though somebody were idly tampering with a dynamo.

"'What on earth's that?' I asked Tiger-Man.

"'Insects,' he replied through dry lips."

NEVERTHELESS, Mr. Duguid seems to have explored hell with keen enjoyment. His companions were a diplomat and a photographer, and between them they had some extravagant adventures, all of which the author sets down in a lively, colloquial, readable way. *Green Hell* is one of the most exciting yarns I have read for a long time. It only wants a lost white tribe, a golden city, and a princess who is good at picking up strange languages to be a perfect traveller's tale.

ONE imagines Mr. Mann's poor little hero, Albert Grope, pop-eyed with excitement, devouring such a tale as he struggled with the duties of a bookseller's boy on a wage of five shillings a week. For Albert Grope's grey hell is familiar London, London as it was at the end of the Victorian age: a London of mean streets and mean poverty, tepid hopes, colourless despairs: a London of fog, dirt, and the aspidistra convention, crossed by a grey river running between a landscape of grey roofs. But Albert lives in his world without ever knowing that it is a hell, and in his own way is fairly happy. By sheer meek grit he becomes well-to-do. He tries in vain, however, to cut a figure socially, and in the end thankfully lets himself be married to a kind little woman older than himself who knows how to make him happy. The book is the sober, convincing study of civilised stagnation; yet the lively word-painting of Mr. Duguid pales before the deadly greys of Mr. Mann. Given the choice between the muleteer's death in a green hell and the charlady's in a grey one, I know which I should choose.

Vaughan and Freeman

MISS STELLA BENSON

Whose new book, "Tobit Transplanted," is reviewed by Miss Clemence Dane in this article

BUT more interesting than either book is, to me, Stella Benson's *Tobit Transplanted*. Mr. Duguid describes a world untouched by civilisation; Mr. Mann describes a world from which civilisation has drained all vitality; but Miss Benson describes the clash of the primitive with three or four civilisations at least.

Miss Benson's work is always a delight. Her beautiful English, her humour, her bitterness and her queerness set her apart. But I think she has never been so completely successful in doing justice to her own peculiar gifts as she is in this astonishing novel. She knows certain parts of China very well; she has watched the sufferings of the White Russian refugees from the Soviet tyranny; she has been fascinated by the Babel admixture which two revolutions in two great empires have produced.

SHE sees clearly enough that, as usual, the cost of revolution, the cost of tyranny, is borne not by the warring factions but by the non-combatants. Then she has said to herself, "The tragedy of the business is that it has happened before so often, and that no amount of human experience in suffering will prevent it from happening again." And to prove her point she picks her way back through history; past the French Revolution, past the Burgundian blood-bath; past the sacks of Rome and ruins of Greece and Egypt and Tyre to just such another family as her White Russian family, the family of Tobit of the Apocrypha. Then saying, "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past," she retells the story without altering one detail as if it had all happened to a Russian family in China in the last ten years.

BY using thus the bones of a legend that has been known for ages to readers all over the world, the author, as it seems to me, has given the reader a feeling of size and continuity that she could hardly have produced in any other way. She has written about a general experience of the human race in terms of a single group. She says in effect: "Behold the meek; this is how they inherit the earth." And if she owes the author of Tobit a debt, she has, at any rate, triumphantly proved that it is justifiable to borrow. For when she is lent money she does not wrap it in a napkin. Out of her talent she has made ten.

DEAR OLD LADY (on liner): "Oh, captain, please will you help me to find my state-room?"

Captain: "Have you forgotten its number, madame?"

Dear Old Lady: "Yes, but I'll know it if I see it again. There was a lighthouse just outside the window."

BY VERNON WARD

JUAN-LES-PINS ON A SPRING MORNING

Juan, with its pine trees, gay plage and golden sands, is deservedly one of the most popular places on the Côte d'Azur. There is lots of excellent bathing to be had, and physical exercises are a regular event on the sporting plag

With the Old Berk

The Old Berkshire Hunt dates from 1830, and its country, which lies in Berkshire and Oxfordshire, is, for the greater
Nickisson. The latter is retiring at the end of this

BY F. A. STEWART

SHIRE NEAR ABINGDON

part, pasture, with a good deal of open water. The Joint-Masters are Mr. A. Paget Steavenson and Major J. L. season and his place will be filled by Mr. Whitelaw

essentially modern

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Style 8615. This Smart Derby Tie Shoe features the new high Leather Cuban Heel. In Tan Willow Calf and Black Matt Kid. Priced at 22/6 pair.

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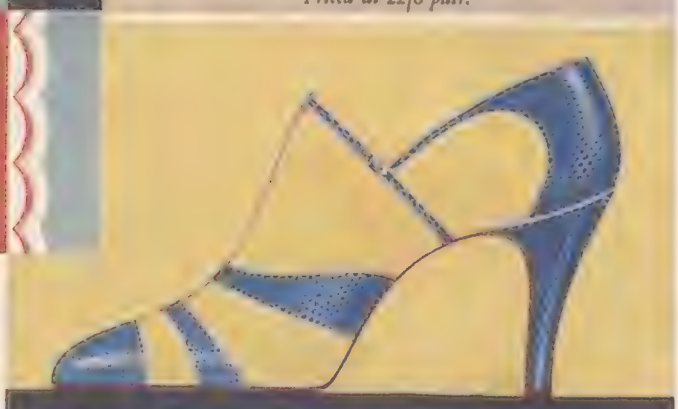

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A TRIO OF PRETTY LITTLE PEOPLE

PHILIPPA MARGARET

The only daughter of Sir Anselm and Lady Guise, of Elmore Court, near Gloucester. Her mother is the elder daughter of Sir James Augustus Grant

EVELYN

The four-years'-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Rose, of Eaton Place. She is a granddaughter of Sir Hugo and Lady Hirst

THE HON. CAROLINE THYNNE

The only child of Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth and the granddaughter of the Marquess of Bath. Her home is at Greenaway House, Warminster

Photographs *Marcus Adams*

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The POLICE ARE BAFFLED

"THERE'S no motive. That's what makes it so impossible to trace the murderer. There's nothing to hold on to."

It was the Dusseldorf series of murders they were discussing; that grisly series of crimes committed, apparently by a maniac, upon children and young women that the German police were helplessly investigating. It was in a small public-house off the Tottenham Court Road that they were discussing it. The publican, red-faced, broad-shouldered, his sleeves rolled back above his elbows, lent forward across the bar aggressively voicing his opinions.

"Man's a lunatic, that's clear. Got a lust for killing, same as some people got a lust for drink. War started it, I reckon. Doesn't care who he kills as long as he kills someone. You can see how simple it is for him. He's walking down a quiet lane. There's a girl coming towards him. No one else in sight, no one else likely to be. He strangles her and chucks the body into a ditch. Body won't be found for hours. Days perhaps. He's never seen her before. Hasn't a dog's idea who she is. How are the police going to connect him with the murder? There's nothing for them to start on."

His cronies, grouped along the bar over their beers and whiskies, nodded their heads approvingly.

Apart from the rest, seated at one of the small tables that were drawn along the wall, two shabbily genteel men were listening to the conversation. They were in the middle forties. You would have placed them as members of the middle-middle class: commercial travellers, salesmen or senior clerks. One of them was burly, arrogant, wide-jawed. The other small, furtive-eyed, with a long beaked nose. They had never met before. They had just

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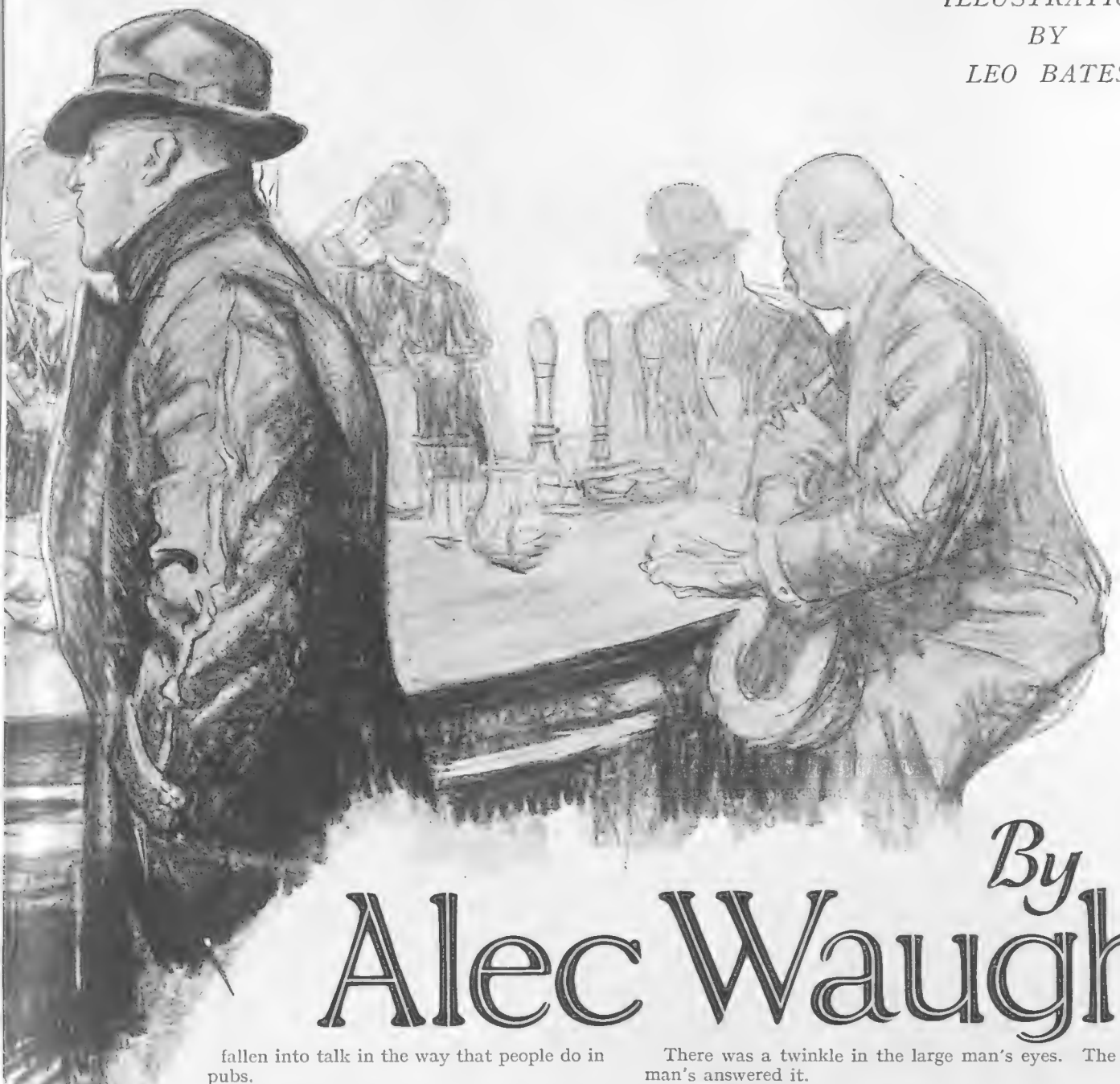
ILLUSTRATION BY LEO BATES



By Alec Waugh

fallen into talk in the way that people do in pubs.

"That's pretty true, that," the wide-jawed man was saying. "There's a clear motive behind ninety-nine murders in a hundred. That's how murderers get caught. Someone's killed. It's unlikely to be in the interests of more than two or three people that that person should be dead. The police keep track of those two or three people. Sooner or later the guilty one gives himself away. If it wasn't that people were aware of that, there'd be a good many more murders than there are."

The small, furtive-eyed man nodded.

"You've said it, you certainly have said it," he replied.

"I don't suppose," the larger man went on, "that there's a person in the world who hasn't got some one in his life who he'd be glad to see well out."

"No, I don't suppose there is."

"THERE'S either a relation who one's going to get money from; or a brother who stands in the way of a legacy; or a partner in business one can't get rid of; or a wife one's tired of. We've all got some one who's in our way. I guess you have, too."

The little man chuckled, knowingly.

"I guess I have."

"Either a partner or a relation or a wife. Usually it's a wife."

There was a twinkle in the large man's eyes. The small man's answered it.

"Usually."

"You're tired of her. She's middle-aged. She's lost her looks. There's another woman, a young woman, in your life. You see a sudden chance of happiness, and there's that ageing woman in the way of it. She won't divorce you, and the young girl, however much she may be in love, is practical. She's not going to give her life up to a man who can't provide her with a home. That's how it is, I reckon."

"Yes, more or less, that's how it is."

"And you'd be glad enough to see her out of the way, and no one who's been through the War has any too particular a feeling about the value of human life. But you know perfectly well that if you were to do anything the police would be worrying round you in a moment."

The large man leant back in his chair and laughed.

"IT'S a funny thing," he said, "that you, the one person in the world who wants her dead, should be the one person in the world who wouldn't kill her."

It was said on a note that made his companion look curiously and intently at him.

"What do you mean?"

"What we were saying ten minutes back; that anyone can commit a murder who'd got no motive for doing it.

Sasha

A scene from "After All," John van Druten's clever comedy at the Criterion Theatre. Reading from left to right: Greta (Jeanne Stuart), Ralph (Robert Douglas), and Mrs. Melville (Muriel Aked), who, as an aunt, gives one of the cleverest and most amusing performances to be seen on the stage at the present time

THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED (continued)

Why are there so many undetected murders in Chicago? Because they're done by gangsters; because people pay other people to do their murdering for them. Take your wife, for instance. I suppose she's by herself occasionally?"

The little man laughed at that.

"By herself. I shouldn't think there was a person in the world who was fonder of her own company. What do you think she does? We live down Chiswick way. Do you know that bit of river front between the Mall and Smith Street? I thought you would. Well, every evening she walks down there alone, because of its quiet, because no one ever goes there. Stays there in the evening till it's dark. Poetic she calls it."

The large man nodded his head.

"By herself at a lonely part of the river, every day till dark. It would be a pretty easy job for anyone who chose to wait his chance. Anyone could do it. I could."

The last two words were said after a pause, very quietly, but with an intensity that made the little beaked-nosed man start nervously.

"The easiest thing in the world for me," the man went on. "I've never seen the woman; there's nothing to connect me with her. It would be as easy for me as it would be for anyone except me to walk into that small tobacconist's in Chelsea just off King's Road in Merrick Street—scarcely a soul goes in there between eight and nine—and fire a silent automatic at the old man behind the counter. As likely as not they wouldn't find the body for a good hour. In five minutes the man who'd done it would be lost in London. Anyone could do it; you could."

AGAIN the last two words were said after a pause, very quietly, but with an intensity that made the small man start. The eyes of his companion were fixed on his in a curious, searching stare.

"I suppose," he went on, "that you'd be pretty grateful to the man who'd get that wife of yours out of the way for you."

The small man began to stammer. "I . . . I . . ."

His companion cut him short.

"So grateful," he said, "that you'd be ready to do anything in return for the man who did get rid of her: so grateful that you'd do anything in return. Particularly," he went on, "if that man were to say to you, 'I'm going to do this for you. I rely on you to do the same service for me. If you don't, I shall take such revenge as I think fit.' He'd be a resolute fellow, after all. The man who's done one murder wouldn't stick at two, and the second murder would be as safe as the first had been. There'd be nothing to connect him with it. I think, don't you, that in those circumstances you'd feel sufficiently grateful to return one service by another?"

He had leant across the table as he spoke. The searching, intimidating stare of his eyes never for an instant left the watering, furtive eyes of the small man opposite.

"Yes, I think you'd be grateful enough," he repeated slowly; "yes, I think you would."

The little man sat motionless. He could not believe that this monstrous proposal was being made to him by this strange man whose name he did not know; whom he had never met before this night; whom in all human probability he would never see again. He could not believe that this was really happening, here in this familiar bar, with familiar faces and familiar talk around him. But those dark, resolute eyes, as they met his, seemed more real to him than that of the familiar world. He felt himself in the presence of a force that he had neither the will nor the desire to resist.

And there was the man saying, "I see to it that no one breaks faith with me. I keep my bargains"

FIVE days later the body of a strangled woman was discovered on the river front by Smith Street. The body was easily identified. At the inquest it transpired that she and her husband were on bad terms; that he had for the last year been associating with a much younger woman, who had decided, in her own interest only that morning, since the wife would not grant him freedom, to break off relations with the husband. The husband was detained by the police. His alibi was so watertight, however, that he had to be released.

In the following month an old tobacconist in Merrick Street, Chelsea, was found shot behind his counter. His nephew inherited by his death seven thousand pounds. The nephew was proved conclusively to have been that afternoon in Manchester. Quarter of an hour before the body was discovered a neighbour saw from his bedroom window a small man enter and a minute later leave the tobacconist's. He wore a dark coat and a grey felt hat. He carried in his hand a yellow cane. Ten thousand Londoners would have answered to that description.

A YEAR later a burly, arrogant, wide-jawed man in the middle forties entered the small bar of the Trocadero. He wore a flash suit and walked jauntily. At one of the small tables a young, rather flamboyant woman was gazing up adoringly at a small, shifty-eyed man with a long beaked nose. The two men did not recognise each other. A. W.

BY STARR WOOD

PUPIL: "*I'm afraid I'm not very quick at learning, but we can't all be Amy Johnsons, can we?*"

INSTRUCTOR: "*Well—hardly. Just think how it would mess up the Telephone Directory!*"

FILM NOTES

RONALD COLMAN SEIZES HIS CHANCE

BY LIONEL COLLIER

The prodigal son returns—and orders his luggage to be sent home first to see if it stays in the house. Ronald Colman in "The Devil To Pay," at the Tivoli

Loretta Young has a shy at the cocoanuts with Ronald Colman at the Derby. A scene in Frederick

En route for the Derby. A scene from "The Devil To Pay," a sophisticated comedy with a strong English male cast

LAST week I indicated that Frederick Lonsdale's first comedy, "The Devil to Pay," written especially for the screen, was coming on at the Tivoli to replace that very disappointing first talkie appearance of Evelyn Laye, "One Heavenly Night." I suggested that if Lonsdale had written with theatrical conventions in his mind it could not be successful, but I had reckoned without the producer. The author has, in fact, written a play which would be perfectly adaptable to the stage; I can see no indication that he has particularly studied the new medium into which he is breaking. On the other hand, that very capable director, George Fitzmaurice, has given it action with plenty of pictorial detail, and in consequence it is an undoubted success.

LONSDALE'S dialogue is bright, even if his plot is wholly conventional. It concerns, as so many of its forerunners have concerned, the love affair of a harum-scarum younger son of an earl and a rich lady, who before his arrival from East Africa had been comfortably engaged to a Russian duke. The opening is bright and full of good comedy, but later we get the old, old misunderstandings between the couple when the young man is involved in saying a personal farewell to the actress to whom he has been a—well, platonic friend. The girl behaves as screen heroines have behaved since pictures could move. Lonsdale in this respect went completely "Hollywood." However, the cleverness of the direction and the wit of the dialogue save the situation, and we do feel we are seeing something novel. Thus is Samuel Goldwyn justified in getting a playwright to write direct for the screen. He combines the pictorial sense of a tried producer with the aptitude to write dialogue of a tried dramatist.

RONALD COLMAN as the younger son of a noble lord is better served than he has ever been, and he gives you the impression that you are actually in the room with him; he has that gift of intimacy and lack of affectation which is only too rare. All the male members of the cast are English, and all are excellently played. The father, Lord Leeland, is a most attractive

An exciting scene in which Spahi cavalry come to the aid of the Fort in a scene in "Beau Ideal," which Herbert Brennon has directed for Radio Pictures

Lonsdale's screen comedy

characterisation in the hands of Frederick Kerr; David Torrence is excellent as the bourgeois father of the lady in the case; while Paul Cavanagh as the fortune-hunting Russian Duke, and Crawford Kent as the Earl's elder son, are both excellent. One tastes Hollywood occasionally because Loretta Young as the heroine has a trace of accent somewhat foreign to our ears, as had Florence Britton as the hero's sister; nevertheless, they both act with a complete understanding of their respective rôles.

ONE little sequence has a charm that has rarely been equalled on the screen. It concerns the purchase of a dog by Ronald Colman immediately on his return from East Africa. He has only twenty pounds in his pocket, but he parts with fifteen of it for a dog in a fancier's window because the little chap so patently wants to be bought. You dog lovers and those who understand the dumb supplication of an animal will appreciate the entire cleverness and humanity of this sequence. Lonsdale comes out particularly in such lines as when Ronald Colman is selling his furniture by auction before he leaves East Africa. He knocks down a bed to a young lady at a low price because he "always wanted you to sleep in it." Again, he tells someone that he is going to take up sheep farming in Australia so that he can count the sheep because he did not sleep very well. It only remains to remark that the English atmosphere is admirably suggested, so well, indeed, that one can only wonder again what our own producers think they are doing when they let our most attractive actors and brightest playwrights go to swell Hollywood's reputation. By the way, Lady Maureen Stanley went out to Hollywood to supervise the Society details of this picture. Consequently they are much more true to facts than is usual in American pictures. The one flaw is the Derby, where hero and heroine sit on sylvan slopes and send someone to put a few hundreds on a horse in the popular ring. Yes, we have no welshers!

FILMS WORTH SEEING

"LET US BE GAY"

Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler and Rod la Rocque in a sophisticated comedy on the "ugly duckling" theme.

"PASSION FLOWER"

Brilliant individual characterisation in matrimonial drama by Kay Francis, Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford. Excellent, polished production by William de Mille.

"ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S"

Another crook drama, but one that has the advantage of clever character interpretation by Helen Ware, Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., and Billie Dove.

Otis (Lester Vail) in Arab costume ready to make his attempt to reach the Legion Fort in the colourful romantic sequel to "Beau Geste" by P. C. Wren

Mr. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES in his 1931 Revue

Six of the attractive girls who are playing in the revue, which opened in Manchester last week before it comes to London next month. Their long gloves and petticoats strike a distinctly Edwardian note

Photographs

One of the striking costumes designed by Miss Ada Peacock for the new revue

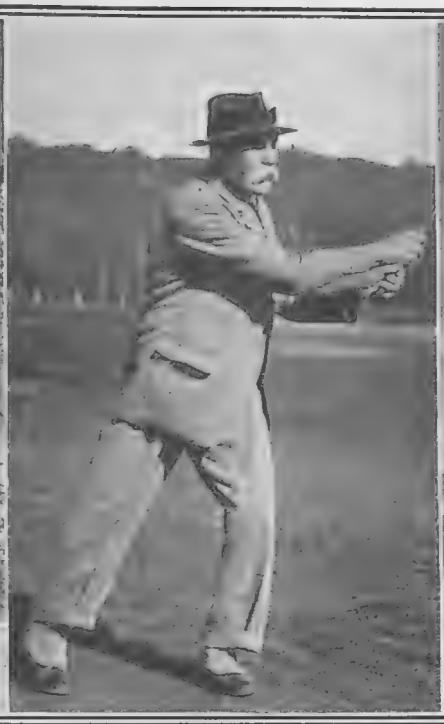
Queenie Leonard, who is playing in C. B. Cochran's 1931 Revue, seen in a charming dress of other days

Sasha

Jane Welsh, another clever young actress who is one of the cast of C. B. Cochran's newest production

PARIS GOSSIP

ON THE LINKS AT VALESCURE, ST. RAPHAEL



Photographs Sport and General

Lord Cawley chatting with Mr. R. Fellows, the Secretary of the Golf Club at Valescure. He is a former Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster

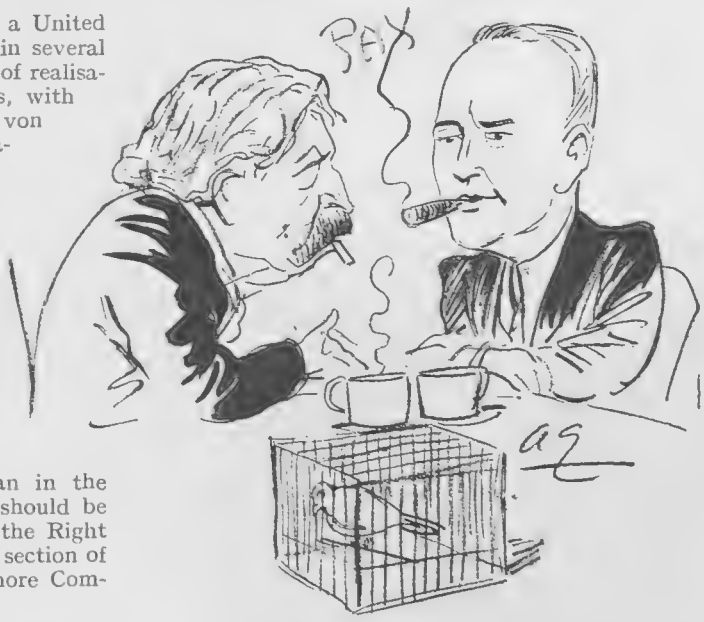
The veteran Lord Methuen, the last of the Boer War Field-Marshals. He plays his eighteen holes regularly every day

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Long (left) and Miss Bramwell on their way to the first tee at Valescure

POLITICS, PLAYS and PERSONS

By Sylvia Lyon

M. Briand's project of a United States of Europe is, in several aspects, on the verge of realisation, spiritually at all events, with Paris as its capital. Baron von Hoesch, the German Ambassador, has been closely occupied in conference with M. Briand to smooth over the difficult problem of Germany's aggressive foreign policy at the moment when France is about to grant important loans to German banks. . . . The parliamentary discussions about the loans are being led by Louis Dumet, aged twenty-seven, the youngest, best-looking and best-dressed man in the Chamber of Deputies. He should be watched, because he sits on the Right and represents the Montrouge section of Paris, which could not be more Communist if it tried.



"Baron von Hoesch, the German Ambassador, has been closely occupied in conference with M. Briand"

While die-hard chauvinists lament the abstract idea of the Americanisation of Paris, it seems to go on, but they need not worry about the Americanisation, for in effect it only consists of architectural ventures, cocktails and jazz music, and it is the French themselves who are encouraging the change. The Cercle de l'Union Artistique, familiarly called "l'Epatant," closed its doors to make way for the demolition of the club, whose site is to be occupied by a new American Embassy, and an architectural paradox is taking place. The Embassy, at the angle of the Avenue Gabriel and the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, facing the Place de la Concorde, will be a replica of Edouard de Rothschild's house, to form a balanced design, uniting the marvellous eighteenth-century palaces housing the Crillon, the Automobile Club, the Ministry of Marine, and the Guaranty Trust Company. But the new Cercle de l'Union Artistique, now nearing completion, next to the old building, is not only American in design but in spirit. The younger members of the club have insisted upon this. For while the old club was famous for its shaded terrace, where old gentlemen sunned themselves, the new one will have a roof garden, following the example of the neighbouring Cercle Interalliée. There will be a swimming pool larger than that of the Sporting Club nearby. And while the old club's tradition was to have exhibitions and lectures, a very good chef and very dull dinners, the new one will have a bar tout à fait Americain, and, of all things, a miniature golf course.

It is almost impossible, even after all these weeks, to book places for the German version of *The Blue Angel*. Of course, the Studio des Ursulines is very small, and is one of the worst fire-traps I have ever been in, but everybody goes, and it is touching to see tears in the eyes of its European-minded audience, absorbing the subtle propaganda of German sentimentality. The other evening the audience included the Polish Minister, Count Chlapowski, his wife, and their two daughters, who are the most popular girls among the diplomatic set; José-

"The remarkable 'diseuse,' aged five and a half years, of the 'Boîte aux Joux-Joux' at the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs"

Maria Sert, the Spanish painter, and his wife (visitors to the Four Georges' exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's house will see an example of Sert's work in the decoration of the ball-room); and the Princess Caetani, "a first-rate Italian" I was informed by one of her compatriots, who is annoyed at the prominence in Paris of Italians who are not first-rate.

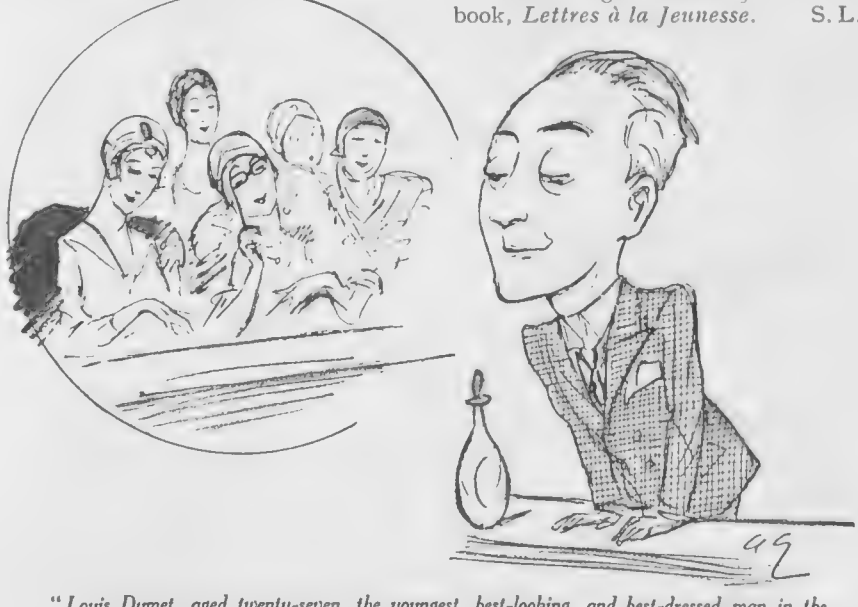
ALTHOUGH one hundred and nineteen full-length ermine cloaks were counted at Layton and Johnstone's recital the other evening, in contrast to the Anglo-Saxon method of carrying on when times are bad, the French stay at home, or go to the cinemas and good restaurants, where one is not obliged to dress—Fouquet's, Prunier's, and Le Petit Durand.

THE current paradoxes of Parisian life are most emphatic. While the Vicomtesse Charles de Noailles has just published a magnificent edition of the works of her rather well-known ancestor, the Marquis de Sade, the most sophisticated Parisians are shocked to see that the preface has been signed by her five-year-old daughter, Laure. On the other hand, more childish children are thronging the Thursday matinées of the *Boîte aux Joux-Joux* at the Théâtre des Ambassadeurs. The audience is better to watch than the performance, for the children shout out the answers to questions asked of a badly educated clown. They love the recitations of a remarkable "diseuse," aged five and a-half years, the only child performer I haven't longed to exterminate. However, they felt frustrated when Nikita Balieff, appearing before the curtain and smilingly promising them a treat from the Chauve Souris, had seen fit to present them with a sad Russian song, morosely sung by two Russian sopranos, who did look so Russianly happy in being so sad. The audience was outraged, but applauded most politely. When the interval arrived I saw Lady Mendl making a mad dash for the door, having in tow the two Cavendish-Bentinck children. They did not come back, probably because Lady Mendl or the children had had enough.

Mr. Frank Jay Gould (right), the multi-millionaire, examining a new German pocket-camera that takes photographs at night without flashlights. Mr. Gould owns the Palais de la Mediterranée at Nice, and many famous hotels on the Continent

VISITORS to Paris who find night club life in Paris dull at present can find both amusement and excitement almost any evening at the Chamber of Deputies. One can dine before the evening sessions at a very good little restaurant, in the Rue de Bourgogne, called Chez Marius. Marius, you know, is the symbolic name for Marseillaise exaggeration, and the proprietor certainly found an appropriate soubriquet for his restaurant, just across the street from the headquarters of political loud-and-large speaking. Chez Marius is a quaint little place, the quaintness lying in the fact that there is no attempt at decoration; and the food is soothing and inexpensive enough to make even the most bewildered of students of French politics, including the French themselves, feel happy.

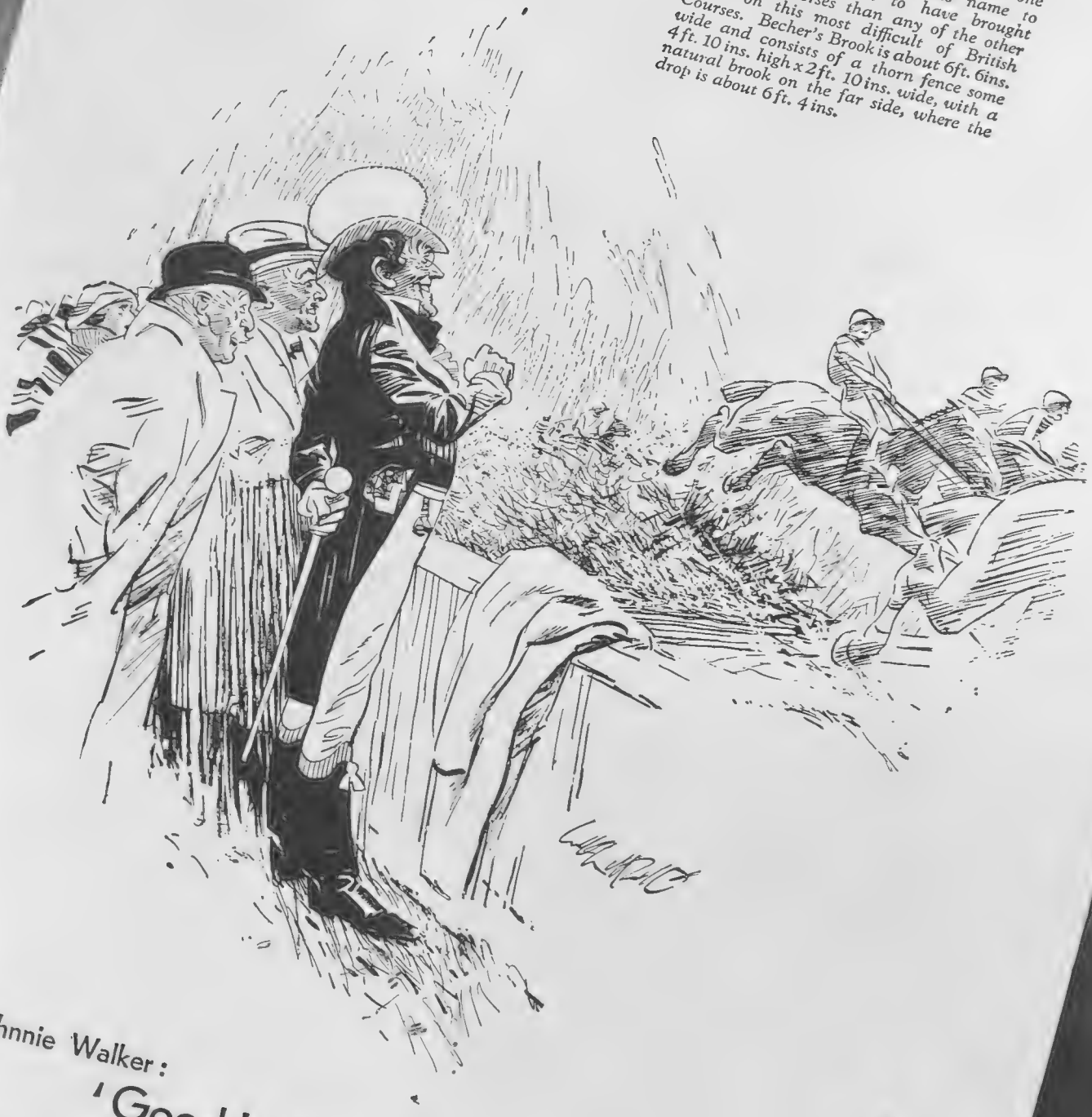
OF late it has been almost impossible to get a trunk-line call anywhere: every Spaniard in Paris was telephoning either to Madrid or Barcelona to find out what was happening to King Alfonso. And at a little after nine o'clock, in the Nouvel-Ambigu theatre, members of the Camelots du Roi, the young Royalist organisation, started to murmur against *L'Affaire Dreyfus*. By the second act there was a riot. But none of this would have happened if the critics, acting on their conscience professionelle, had protested against the play when it opened. . . . Why drag in Dreyfus? And why produce a version written by Germans? Jacques Richepin, who adapted the play from the original by Refisch and Herzog, discovering, too late, that the play was no good, the production bad, and feeling very grieved, now claims that anybody would have written the play, and that all the authors did was to consult legal testimony and Zola's book, *Lettres à la Jeunesse*. S. L.



"Louis Dumet, aged twenty-seven, the youngest, best-looking, and best-dressed man in the Chamber of Deputies"

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE

— run annually since 1827 — is worth £5,000, plus £100 for each entrant, to the winner. Colonel Becher, falling in one of the early races, gave his name to Becher's Brook — said to have brought down more horses than any of the other fences on this most difficult of British Courses. Becher's Brook is about 6ft. 6ins. wide and consists of a thorn fence some 4ft. 10 ins. high x 2ft. 10 ins. wide, with a natural brook on the far side, where the drop is about 6 ft. 4 ins.



Johnnie Walker:
'Good! That's a big jump.'
Sportsman:
'Not so big as you have taken since 1820.'
Born 1820 — Still Going Strong

On the Tennis

I THINK if anyone cared to take a census of the number of people playing golf, polo or lawn tennis on the Riviera, he would find that lawn tennis wins hands down all along the line, for besides all the "regulars," the "grandes racquettes," or whatever you like to call them, there is a veritable army of good average players who take part in the tournaments each week, besides another very large contingent who may or may not play tournaments, but who take their tennis extremely seriously and who thoroughly enjoy their games and matches, just as much as if they were the "star turn" of a big-gallery court.

THERE are a great many lovely villas on the Côte d'Azur, and no hostess considers the arrangements for her house-party complete unless she can provide a perfect hard court, and very often a private "pro" in attendance. Thus at Cap Ferrat, for instance, the most "de luxe" section of the Riviera, we find Mr. Somerset Maugham with a beautiful hard court (plus an excellent swimming pool as well). Sir John and Lady Ward, Sir James Dunn, Lady Eva Wemyss, Miss "Dick" Warde, and Mr. "Billy" Wessel—all with wonderful hard courts, while up in their eyrie about Eze, Colonel and Madame Balsan have one of the nicest courts on the whole Riviera.

THERE can be no doubt about the immense popularity of the game out here, for everybody plays, from kings downwards. The King of Sweden is just as keen as he can be, and I remember so well a year or two ago, when he arrived in Nice by the Blue Train, and about an hour afterwards was over at the Beaulieu club, watching some interesting finals there.

The King of Sweden shaking hands with Miss Betty Nuthall after playing together in the mixed doubles at Beaulieu. The latter is anxious to meet—and beat—the German Champion, Fräulein Cilly Aussem, at Monte Carlo this week, and, still more, to capture the scalp of Senorita de Alvarez

Fräulein Cilly Aussem and Senorita de Alvarez, whom Miss Betty Nuthall is so anxious to play. Indeed, Miss Betty's mamma threatens "to chase the Senorita all over Europe" in order that a match may eventuate

Miss Ryan playing at Beaulieu in a new event for the Riviera, the "Mixed Singles," where men and women meet on handicap terms for a cup presented by Lord Charles Hope

EX KING MANOEL of Portugal plays very well indeed, but, unlike the King of Sweden (who loves tournament play) he much prefers to play at his club in Cannes, and hardly ever enters for a tournament. The Crown Prince of Sweden does not play, but Prince Schaumburg Lippe, at Monte Carlo, is on the courts nearly all day long. Lord Cholmondeley, who used to play nothing but lawn tennis, has given it up this winter, and is now playing nothing but golf, while Lord Charles Hope, on the other hand, is playing nothing but tennis, and hardly ever touches a golf club.

THE standard of play in the South is very high, and whereas a few years ago it was quite reasonable to expect a few easy matches at the beginning of the week, nowadays one is quite likely to be defeated by some "dark horse," in the shape of a European champion who one may never have seen before.

COURTS OF THE SOUTH

By Phyllis Satterthwaite

M. H. Cochet, the famous French international, seen on his arrival at Cannes. With him are Mr. Lyttleton Rogers, the Irish giant, Mlle. Aubert and Mlle. Rosambert

A family group snapped at Cannes. Lady Cholmondeley is seen above with her children, the Earl of Rocksavage and Lady Aline and Lord John Cholmondeley

The characteristics of the different nations differ, and it is interesting, too, to see how much the English players, who come regularly to the Riviera, have improved during the last few years.

FRENCH players are very well represented out here, for, besides Henri Cochet (who is tremendously popular and a very cheery and delightful player to watch), there are "Toto" Brugnon, Christian Boussous, "Coco" Gentien, Leseu, Du Plaix, and half a dozen more.

THE girls are good players and pretty to look at into the bargain. Mlle. Ida Adamoff, with a colossal forehand drive, Doris Metaxa, who hits even harder! Little "Rosie" Berthet, from Nice (junior champion of France), tall Mlle. Barbier, and, of course, Madame Mathieu, who plays number one for France and is a wonderfully fine all-round player, with no weakness.

THIS year we have got a pretty good selection of our own "first rankers" coming out, and we should, I fancy, have a good chance of winning the coveted Beaumont Trophy at Monte Carlo this month, if Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall and Miss Betty Nuthall play at all up to form. Another English "white hope," Miss Mary Heeley is coming, too, as well as Sir Leonard Lyle's daughter, Nancy, and Miss Joan Ridley (who holds the handsomest ladies' challenge cup on the Riviera, given by the Beaulieu club).

MISS MURIEL THOMAS is a very fine volleyer, who shows to her best advantage in doubles, while amongst the men we shall have "Bunny" Austin and John Oliffe, as well as the very tall Irishman, Lyttleton Rogers, who has been carrying off a lot of the prizes in the men's events this season already. The German players are very interesting, because there are such a big crowd of them coming on, and they are all so keen and hard-working.

FRAULEIN CILLY AUSSEM, although she has been here some little time, is only just starting in for real serious play now, as she has had an operation on her foot which has laid her up for quite a long while.

THERE are plenty of good Italian players, who "speed up" the game and keep everyone amused and interested. Signorina Valerio, the woman champion of Italy, made the men sing small last week, when she won the "Charles Hope" Cup at Cannes, which was given for a new event down here, "Mixed Singles."

IF I had the space, there are a great many more players I would like to mention, as they are really fine players who in England could carry off quite a number of prizes, but who, out here, find the standard of play so high that they can only get through a very few rounds, and hardly ever reach even a semi-final.

Lord Charles Hope (right), who presented the "Hope" Cup for "Mixed Singles" in the Cannes Tournament. He is seen with Sir Arthur Crosfield, a great tennis enthusiast

Miss Thomas in play at Nice. An English girl with a large repertoire of volleying strokes which make her a formidable opponent in doubles

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A NEW STAR IN THE LITERARY FIRMAMENT

By "Junius"

IF I had not known that *The Loving Spirit* (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.) was Miss Daphne du Maurier's first book, I should have taken it to be the work of a mature, practised writer; mistress of the psychology of her characters through four succeeding generations; certain and assured of the atmosphere of each of these generations. Yet only the last of these periods lies within Miss du Maurier's knowledge. Frankly, the knowledge, the understanding of human nature in this book amazes me because of the writer's youth. And the knowledge is wafted to you—yes, that is the word, wafted. You realise rather than read the lives of these four generations—from Janet Coombe to Jennifer and John, her great-grandchildren—from a series of pictures and character studies, simple and clear, but each strong and definite.

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER

The second daughter of Sir Gerald and Lady du Maurier, whose first novel, "The Loving Spirit" (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), is a remarkably mature piece of writing for so young an author. It is fully reviewed on this page

BEHIND this story of four generations of a Cornish shipbuilder's family there is a curious background—Janet Coombe's secret passion for adventure, a hidden side of her nature that held her close to the sea and made her long for the strife of storms and the dangers of a ship battling against fierce winds and great waves. This spirit comes out in her second son, Joseph, and through him to his granddaughter, Jennifer. You will understand Miss du Maurier's leit-motif from this quotation. When Janet Coombe in 1830 takes a distant cousin, Thomas Coombe, as a husband, she says:

"In a hundred years' time there'll be two others standin' here, Thomas, same as us now—an' they'll be blood of our blood, an' flesh of our flesh."

Janet Coombe's prophecy is fulfilled. Her great-granddaughter Jennifer inherits her wild spirit. That spirit is satisfied by her marriage to John, a great-grandson of Janet through her youngest daughter. It is difficult to describe the elusive charm and gripping power of Miss du Maurier's story. I am sure it will place her high on the ladder of success.

THE book, obviously, has been written with the greatest pains and careful research. Also, it is so skilfully constructed that the writer might have a long list of novels to her name instead of only this, her first. Has a new star, I wonder, risen in the literary firmament? At any rate, one thing is clear. Some portion of George du Maurier's mantle has fallen upon his granddaughter.

SOME people have an odd sense of humour. *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings* (Benn: 7s. 6d.), translated from the Russian of Panteleimon Romanof by Leonide Zarine, makes one shiver. It shows one with depressing fidelity the life led by the educated class in Russia under the Soviet. The hero is a railway engineer forced to become an official in a museum. Yet Miss Edith Sitwell, on a yellow slip attached to the book, whilst admitting that it is "appalling," says it is "at the same time so funny that I nearly died of laughter."

I WONDER if Miss Edith Sitwell would nearly die of laughter if she had to live and sleep without a particle of privacy with two other people in one room, with yet another person behind a partition not reaching to the ceiling? Would she be amused, I wonder, by waiting for hours in a queue at the shops with a ration card in her hand, and would she be diverted by the use of a communal kitchen, and intimate domestic arrangements, also communal? To the ordinary person Romanof's story will call up horror—anything except laughter.

I WOULD recommend Socialists and Members of Parliament with Socialist leanings to read this book. They will learn that the carrying out of Socialism to its utmost Marxian extent as in Russia turns domestic life into something not far removed from a pig-sty. Yet the book made Miss Edith Sitwell nearly die of laughing!

COBRAS in a deserted granite hut in a most respectable English park! Cobras in the underground regions of a most respectable house near Hastings! Poison gas; trap-doors; tunnels. Then, manipulating all these, a super-villain of Polynesian descent who throws off a footman's livery to become a White Slave trafficker and keeper of shady night-haunts in London, meanwhile indulging in sadistic tortures as a sort of relaxation and recreation. All these you have, and lots more, in Mr. Basil Tozer's *The Riddle of the Forest* (Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d.).

BUT Mr. Tozer, I think, strains the credulity of the most ardent reader of thrillers. It is all very ingenious, and certainly no modern novelist has imagined more horrible death for his super-villain. But you hear the wheels of the thrill-making grinding, grinding, and the ceaseless repetition of horrors becomes monotonous.

IF any country hostess is at a loss what to do with her guests on a streaming wet afternoon I should advise her to set them adding up the number of drinks consumed in *The Empty Glass* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), by David Learmouth. I've never read a book in which people drank so much. Mr. Learmouth has hitherto been known by his racing novels, and excellent they are. Here he breaks fresh ground and has gone in for character study. The types are cleverly represented, but he has chosen a particularly unattractive set of people. Most of them, men and women, don't seem able to stir either by day or night unless they have cocktails or champagne or whisky. Even the last two sentences of the book are about "a quick one."

EXPLORERS have unearthed a strange musical instrument played, they say, by the cave-dwellers hundreds of years ago. If they have any sense at all they'll bury it again.

* * *

TAXI-DRIVER: "My! What a clutch!"

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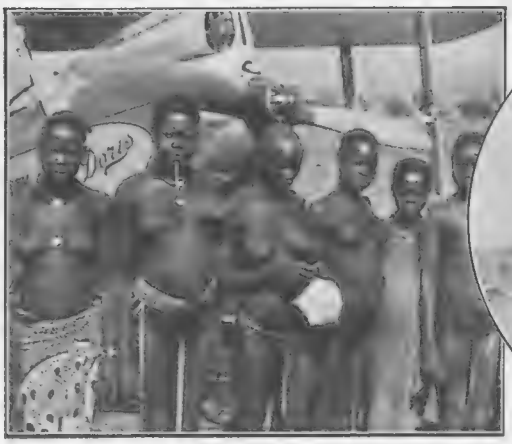
FLYING NOTES

TRAVEL BY IMPERIAL AIR ROUTES

By CAPT. C. E. WARD



Women of Nimule, in Northern Uganda, in front of Mr. Roy Tuckett's "Moth"

A Masai witch-doctor dressed to receive a patient

A familiar sight in Africa. Zebras seen drinking at a water-hole

The African Mail

ON Saturday next, the last day of February, 1931, the first machine will leave Croydon to open the new "arterial" air route through Africa, carrying a record mail and a few lucky passengers. Behind the bare announcements in the Press and the official notices in Post Office windows lies the romantic story of many pioneer flights and expeditions, some of which have been recorded in the past few years on this page. The first flight from Cairo to Cape Town was completed in the Spring of 1920 by Sir Pierrie van Ryneveld on a Vickers Rolls-Royce machine. *The Times* expedition, with Dr. Chalmers Mitchell as observer, had started a few months earlier, but met with misfortune in Central Africa. The ground plan of the route had been prepared by the Royal Air Force, and in the succeeding years many Service and private flights were made from one end of the continent to the other. One could mention Lady Bailey and Flt.-Lt. Bentley flying Moths, as demonstrating that the journey was quite a practical one for a private pilot; but it was Sir Alan Cobham and Captain "Tony" Gladstone who took the initiative in persuading the various Governments that a regular air service was not only possible, but a natural sequence to the many outstanding private ventures. Imperial Airways, Ltd., who operate all our main air lines, took over the detailed organisation of the route in 1929. The first stage from London to Tanganyika is being opened for regular traffic a few months before the extension to Cape Town, because it has been possible to organise facilities in Egypt, the Sudan and Uganda, following the Nile, much more easily than on the long overland section from the Equator to the Cape.

Three Engines for Safety

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS are fortunate in having a number of machines available for the African route, on which experience has already been obtained during the past few years. The Armstrong Siddeley Argosy, familiar to all Continental air travellers, is the type operating between Cairo and Khartoum,

The three-engined "Calcutta" flying-boat employed on the air route from Khartoum to Tanganyika

with Calcutta flying boats southwards to the Great Lakes. The De Havilland Hercules, which was designed for high performance in the tropics, will undertake the section from the Equator to the Cape, where all aerodromes are over 4,000ft. above sea level. Two new types are being put into service from London to Egypt to cope with the heavy traffic for Cairo, which will become a junction for India and the Far East on one side and Africa on the other. The Handley Page 42, so called from the number of its seats, will replace the Argosy from London overland through Europe, whilst the Kent class flying boat with four engines, built by Short Brothers, will make the Mediterranean crossing. In Africa there are twenty-six stations for regular calls, each of which is being provided with wireless so that pilots will be in touch with the ground continuously. Lighting is being installed at five ports of call immediately, and during the next two or three years a complete system of beacons and floodlights will be laid down so that the present daily stage of about 700 miles can be increased, first of all to 1,000, and then to 1,500, as night flying becomes possible and the speed of new types of aircraft increases.

The Airway the Only Way

AT the present time it takes anything from nineteen days to four and a half weeks for the journey to Nairobi, the political, social and sporting centre of Central Africa. By air this time is cut down to seven days from London, three days being taken to Cairo, a further two to Khartoum, and two more to the Equator. The fare from London to Cape Town, an eleven-day journey, will be £130, and to Nairobi £101, the latter comparing most favourably with the present fare by boat if one takes into account the incidentals of a long sea voyage. In India the native Princes have made the Rolls-Royce car a familiar sight in big game country, whereas in Africa motor cars have already been displaced by light 'planes and multi-engined luxury machines like the Avro 5 piloted by Captain Campbell Black, of Wilson Air Lines.

Hunting and Shooting Holidays

THERE were several Moths attached to the Prince of Wales's recent safari, and amongst others who have used aircraft on recent expeditions are Major Jack Coats, the Marshall Fields on their honeymoon, Captain Harold White, Lt.-Commander Glen Kidston and the Baron de Rothschild. A regular air service will mean that Central Africa is a possibility for a month's holiday, and thousands of people who have hitherto taken their pleasure in Europe can go farther afield in the same length of time. For mails, of course, the air line becomes the obvious medium. No one will be content to wait two and a half months for a reply to a letter when this can be received in a fortnight. In the case of Central Africa the postage will be 7*d.* per half-ounce, and it is amazing how many words can be typed on the latest thin paper specially produced for air correspondence.

A REALLY MODERN HOME

A home that is magnificent, without losing its essential "homeliness"; that is right in the heart of things, yet enclosed in an old-world peacefulness that counteracts the speed of modern life; equipped with unimagined labour-saving devices. An ideal modern home! That is Berkeley Court.

London's newest luxury estate comprises 128 flats, each one, of course, an entirely separate entity, as exclusive as if it alone were "Berkeley Court." All flats have communication reception rooms, bedroom, dressing room and bathroom suites, balconies and self-contained servants' quarters. Two central quadrangles, with attractive gardens, provide a charming outlook and plenty of light and air, to rooms with an internal outlook, while a delightful roof garden, an acre in extent, overlooks Regent's Park and affords an unsurpassed view of London. Berkeley Court is a triumph of design. Nothing like it has been seen in London before. It is an amazing combination of town and country: of dignity and comfort. Modernity at its best! You *must* pay a personal visit. Meanwhile, do not fail to write for illustrated literature.

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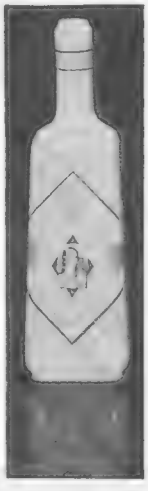

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Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

SIMPLE FROCKS FOR SUNNY DAYS

The modish apology for a sleeve is present in both these frocks from Walpoles, of New Bond Street, W.1. The one on the left is of pastel printed voile with gaugings on the skirt, which impart an old-world atmosphere. The model on the right is of silk piqué in a lovely hyacinth blue shade. There is a hip yoke of inverted pleats

PAGODA FLOUNCES RETURN—MITTENS SUPPORT TRAINS

Tailored Suits

IT is in the Spring that the true tailor-made comes into its own as women discard their heavy wraps and desire something that is new. It goes without saying that Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., are past-masters in building tailored suits that will cast a shadow over the difficult points of the figure and bring into prominence the good. They are responsible for the model illustrated on this page; it is carried out in black and white tweed; it would look equally well in other materials, including Saxony suiting. As will be seen, the coat is single-breasted and is reinforced with pockets, the skirt being pleated. Naturally, there are many variations on this theme equally appropriate for the Spring. This firm would be pleased to send patterns of materials, illustrations of the designs, as well as self-measurement forms gratis and post free. By the way, this firm excel in building thoroughly reliable weatherproof and other wrap-coats at exceptionally moderate prices.

Lamps and Fruit-Carriers

ALL in quest of something decorative for the home must visit the Novelty Department at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W. Among the attractions are those portrayed on this page. The lamp with shade is of smoked glass, and so is the vase on which gaily coloured fruit is massed. The form of the beaten brass fruit-carrier is remarkably artistic; there are many different kinds of these fruit-carriers; they make ideal wedding presents. There are lamps, the base consisting of large glass bowls in which spring flowers are apparently growing. Much to be desired are the unique writing cases; when not in use they fold up into an attaché case; when open they can rest on the arm of a chair. Covered with leather, they are £3 15s. Motorists are eulogistic regarding the advantages of cushions reinforced with first-aid cases; they are well padded and are available for £4 14s. 6d.

A Midnight Parade of Fashion

A GREAT London hospital and a great British industry were linked together at the British Fashions Ball in aid of the Dressmakers' Ward at the Middlesex Hospital. At midnight there was a fashion parade; the models were designed by British firms, and the dresses were selected by a special committee, including the Countess Howe, Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, Lady Neville Pearson, Lady Chesham, Miss Evelyn Laye, and Miss Diana Wynyard.

Mittens Support the Train

THERE were over a hundred models worn by beautiful and accomplished mannequins. Never has there been seen a more beautiful wedding dress than one expressed in oyster tinted satin; it silhouetted the figure until the hips were passed, when it fell in graceful folds. The train was generously trimmed with silver and crystals until it reached the hem of the skirt. It was divided into three portions; the centre was attached to the neckline, while the others were supported by the mittens, which extended from the wrists to the elbows; they were of net studded with diamanté. The scheme was completed with a Juliette cap and a veil that fell away from the face and terminated at the base of the neck. The bridesmaid frock was of the picture genre expressed in white organdi decorated with miniature frills. The scheme was completed with a floral cap and a blue velvet cape and muff.

Celanese Contributions

CELANESE contributed many models to the parade, among them being a hyacinth-blue coat and skirt; it was relieved with touches of an elusive peach nuance. They were likewise responsible for a very interesting black and white frock; it was outlined with white and black deep gauntlet gloves. They were responsible for an infinite variety of pyjamas, known by the more dignified names of lounge, studio, and beach suits.

At the Albert Hall

MR. L. S. AMERY was very interested in the all-British dresses made of artificial silk at the Albert Hall; this was a section of the British Industries Fair at Olympia and the White City. Among the many striking models was one of soft flamingo-pink georgette; a pelerine with the shoulders cut out labelled it 1931. Another model had the skirt arranged with pagoda flounces, bracelets of the material decorated with flowers appeared above the elbows.

Simple lines and excellent cut are the salient features of this tailored suit, which comes from Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W. The Army and Navy Stores are responsible for the smoked-glass lamp and fruit vase, as well as for the beaten brass fruit-carrier

MOTOR NOTES

WHIPS OR SCORPIONS? By E. M. Wright

MOST motorists hailed the Road Traffic Act as a welcome reform. But already many are beginning to question whether the new age is better than the old. Changes there have been — sweeping changes—but are we better off? As the French proverb very aptly puts it: the more things change, the more they are the same. The Ministry of Transport, who fathered the Act, and the police, who have to enforce it, have not changed We do not merely need new laws, we need also a change of heart among those who have to administer the law.

***

THE speed cops organised for the specific purpose of regulating and safeguarding road traffic have already been diverted from their legitimate work, and are being set to catch everyday housebreakers. Not only must our big motoring organisations support an army of road scouts to do police work; not only must motorists in one way or another contribute twenty millions of special taxation to general revenue in addition to the twenty millions they provide for road work; they must also apparently provide police protection for the community at large. Extra police protection for householders may be desirable, but why should motorists alone pay for it? In other words, the Road Fund is being secretly raided. With all his faults, Mr. Churchill never stooped to furtive picking at the Fund. When he raided it he at least had the courage to stage a daylight robbery.

***

WITH the abolition of the speed limit went, as everyone supposed, the abolition of "trapping." Not at all. In public parks a 20 miles speed limit is strictly enforced—probably more strictly than in the days when it was the general rule. Special speed limits in special localities are not extinct. Technically, I believe, one may still be fined for driving at more than 10 m.p.h. at a point such as Hyde Park Corner, and if the police may no longer trap a man for exceeding 20 m.p.h. they can still time him over a stretch of road alleged to be dangerous and summon him for negligent and even dangerous driving, either of which is infinitely more serious an offence than mere speeding.

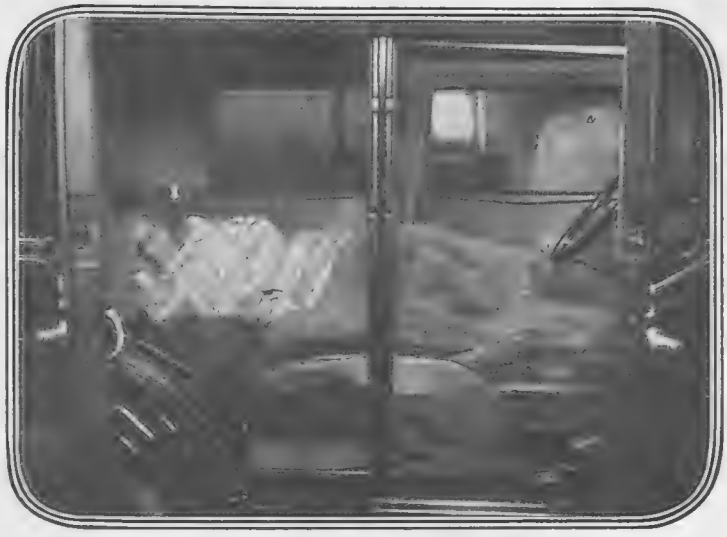
***

THERE is nothing whatever either in law or logic against such practices, provided the police choose a point which is really dangerous, and confine their attentions to motorists who dash at a truly reckless speed up to a blind cross-road, say, and rely solely on their ability to pull up dead in a few yards. But once more we return to the old vexed question of: What is dangerous driving?

***

THE police are the same men who used the old Motor Act as a means of persistent, and, it almost seems, malevolent persecution. The old Act gave them unlimited opportunities of obtaining easy convictions against almost every road user. At all events, the "crime" was regarded as a venal one, save in a few "black" areas, which meant at the worst a fine of not more than a couple of pounds. Convictions for speeding left no stain on a man's character.

THE new Act does not seriously limit the ability of the police to persecute motorists. In fact, if not in theory, the police decide what is dangerous. Not only are fines for careless driving likely to be much heavier than those imposed for speeding, but a motorist convicted of this new offence is also likely to suffer a shock when he comes to renew his premium, for carelessness is a bad mark the insurance companies will not presumably ignore when fixing premium rates. The old Act chastised us with whips—the new Act may well chastise us with scorpions.



A 15/40 h.p. Willys "Whippet" de luxe Saloon designed for use when camping. It is fitted with a sliding roof

Sunbeam Salesmen

EVERY motor car manufacturer has organised a chain of accredited agents and salesmen throughout the country. Yet few motorists know where exactly the nearest agent or salesman is to be found. Following their practice in recent years, the Sunbeam people have again issued a little booklet which gives the names and addresses of all Sunbeam motor traders in the British Isles. This should prove useful not only to those desiring information of the latest models but also to those on tour who desire advice or help from a competent motor trader familiar with Sunbeam cars.

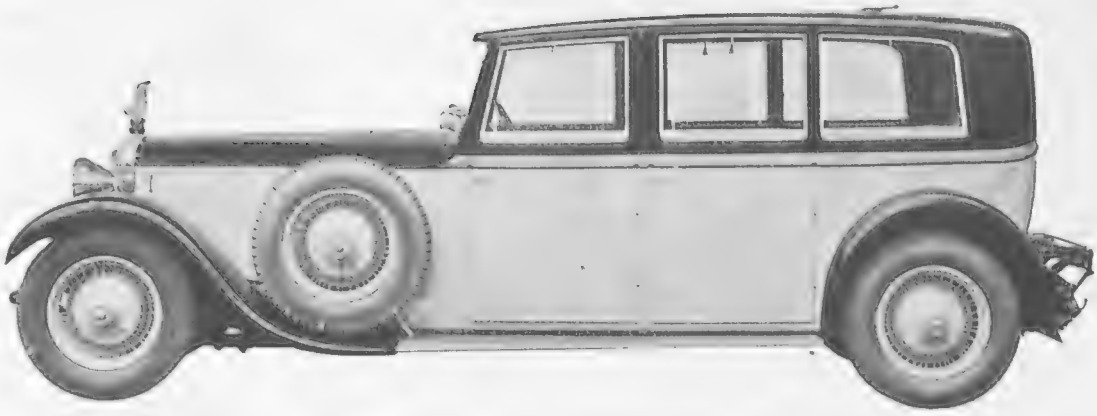
Service and Sales

A NEW company, Dagenham Motors, Ltd., has opened showrooms at Balderton Street (opposite Selfridges)

On a snow and ice-covered track this 10 h.p. Singer Saloon has just annexed two world's records in Class F, averaging 55·92 m.p.h. for 48 hours' continuous running. It covered 4,000 kilometres at 55·8 m.p.h.

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

to organise the sales and service of Ford cars and commercial vehicles. The company does not handle retail sales. It is solely a wholesale distribution organisation. It *does*, however, provide a very well-organised day and night service permitting of vehicles being repaired, greased and washed overnight in readiness for use on the following day. Vehicles requiring service are "interviewed" on the ground floor. Commercial vehicles are sent to the first floor and private cars to the second. On the top floor is one of the largest showrooms in London, in which 40 or 50 vehicles can be adequately displayed. At the side of the building is one of the most modern oiling and greasing stations in England. Leading out of the showroom in the top floor is an up-to-date battery charging plant.



A Double-Six 30/40 h.p. enclosed landaulette Daimler to be shown at the Buenos Aires Exhibition. The remarkably handsome coachwork is by Messrs. Maythorn and Son, Ltd., of Dover Street, W.1

An Export Model for Buenos Aires

Among motor firms exhibiting at the British Empire Trade Exhibition, which the Prince of Wales is to open at Buenos Aires is Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. Disregarding the horse-power tax, they have produced a 27 h.p. model specially designed to appeal to overseas buyers. This model is similar in appearance and layout to the Vauxhall "Cadet," first exhibited at Olympia last year, with, however, a much more powerful engine. The aim has been to produce a genuine "top-gear" car which will give its maximum horse-power at a comparatively low engine speed. To ensure greater riding comfort on "colonial" roads, the springs are longer and more flexible than those fitted to models designed primarily for the home market. Side by side with three examples of this new export model, a "Hurlingham" sports two-seater, mounted on the "Eighty" chassis, is also to be shown. This car, which possesses striking and most attractive lines, is guaranteed to do at least 80 m.p.h.

Mileage Tells

The layman must often have wondered how those people who design and produce super luxury cars can ever find room for improvements. However do they find fault with a production which to novice and expert alike seems absolutely perfect? This question was answered for me when I took my recent trial of the 8-litre Bentley in the company of Captain W. O. Bentley, its designer—which trial was related in a previous issue. He has adopted long-distance motoring as his hobby. This car of his only emerged from the "shops" after the Olympia show, yet three weeks later its milometer already registered 3,200 miles. Most of this he had done himself. One of his runs was to Carlisle and back, 600 miles between 9 a.m. and 12 midnight, including three leisurely stops for meals. Would that some of the designers of cheaper cars would follow Captain Bentley's example and take their own medicine till it hurts. After all, some of them would not have to travel very far!

E. M. W.

I have now had this car long enough to satisfy myself that it is far and away the best motor-car I have ever owned and I cannot speak highly enough of it.
I use it very considerably on the Continent where I drive it very fast and do not spare the car at all.
No car that I have owned has stood up to my severe work without giving considerable trouble after about 5,000 miles, but the 'Phantom II' seems to like it.
It really is a wonderful car, and I consider there is nothing on the road—except a pure and simple racing car—that can pass it; yet with all you do not appear to have sacrificed any of the wonderful Rolls-Royce qualities which have made your name so famous throughout the World. I refer, of course, to silence, smoothness, absence of vibration and general refinement throughout the chassis.—From C. R. Fairey Esq. Chairman and Managing Director of the Fairey Aviation Co Ltd

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DOGS

FASTIDIOUS FEEDERS — By Lady Kitty Ritson

STEFFANSON, the great authority on Eskimos, mentions a rather interesting fact in one of his books. He had a dog, a member of the team, which, when it reached civilisation, so disliked the food offered it that it went hungry for a week, eating bits of rope and rag rather than the food provided.

I HAD the same experience in the Canadian "bush" with Husky, a half-bred dog that I had as a sled-dog. I provided her with biscuit and every variety of delicacy, but she simply refused to look at it and preferred to eat any refuse she could find. I mention this as it is a well-established idea that it is over-fed and over-bred dogs that are fastidious about food, but, in my opinion and experience, this is not always the case. You can hardly imagine two hardier or less well-bred dogs than these two, but I know that Husky was practically starving before she would look at the dog biscuit. So when we tell novices that "You must never give way to your dog, give him this and that and let him starve till he eats it," we are talking theoretically, and we may be talking nonsense. Just the same as when beginners are told that they must pick up all food bowls the moment the dogs leave them, and never allow them to remain about.

THIS is all very well in large kennels, and it will often work there, but I can assure you that it is not always the case with pet dogs, who are often better suited if allowed to take their time over their food. Personally, my own dog, which is also a show dog, eats his food from four o'clock to seven sometimes, and is none the worse. So unless your dog is really unreasonable (by that I mean demands chicken and delicacies) I should not be too drastic with him. Undoubtedly biscuit should be a dog's staple food, because it is bulk providing and healthy, but if a dog won't eat it, well, he won't. But I can give you a good tip. If you raise your dog from a tiny pup you need never have any difficulty, because a puppy will eat almost anything, and if you begin by mixing biscuit with the meat, so that he has to devour one to get the other, you will never have any difficulty in later life.

Book Law and Lady Betty, two fine Borzois, which were shown at Cruft's recently. They are the property of Mr. Henry Guy—L.N.A.

IF an ordinarily healthy dog goes off his food a dose of castor oil can do no harm, and twenty-four hours' abstinence from anything but a little milk will soon restore his appetite. Charcoal biscuits are excellent for keeping a clean, healthy inside; indeed, every dog should have them regularly. Pike and Tucker, Bristol, make some very good ones. Don't be in a hurry to offer him solid food; it is far better for him to be asking you anxiously, "Where is my tea?" than for you to be coaxing him to fancy a little bit of something. A dog who just refuses to eat is not necessarily ill, he may be merely a little "off colour."

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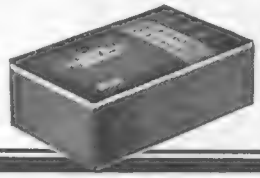

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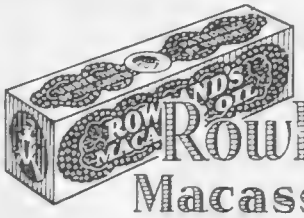

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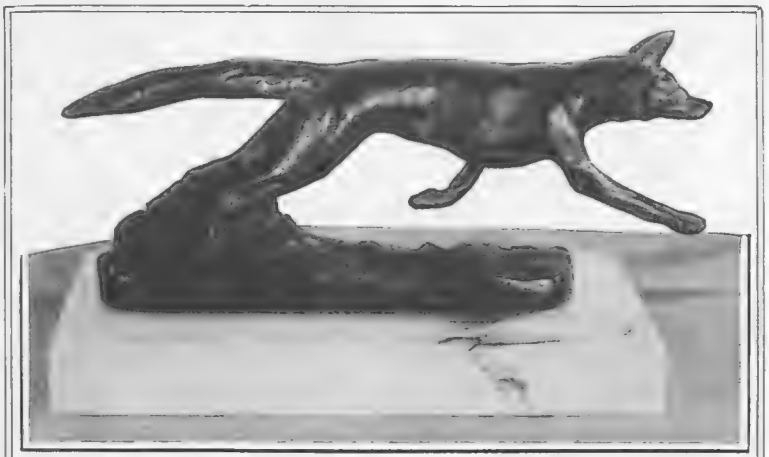

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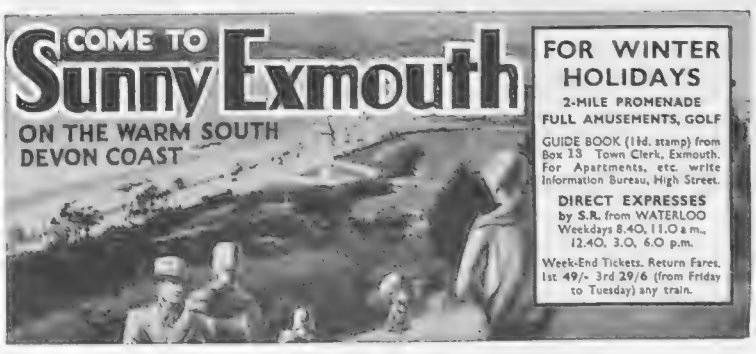

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

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Dinner

Hors d'Œuvres Variés.
(Olives with Anchovies.)

Consommé.

Filets de Sole à la Reine.

Poulet à la Marengo.
Pommes de Terre Nouveaux.

Ices.

Aigrettes au Fromage.

Café. Dessert.

Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Olives with Anchovies)

STONE some Spanish olives; wash and fillet four anchovies, and mince them finely; also a quarter of a teaspoonful of minced onion, a little chopped parsley, and a pinch of red pepper. Put this preparation inside each olive in place of the stone, and serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Filets de Sole à la Reine

TAKE some fillets of sole, spread them on one side with a layer of stuffing made of breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and cayenne, and a little beaten egg. Roll up the fillets, and tie each one round with tape. Boil them in water with a little salt till tender, drain them, and put them aside. Make a white sauce with a little stock, thicken it and add two cloves, pepper and salt. Let this simmer till flavoured; strain, put back in the saucepan, add a spoonful of cream, and the beaten yolk of an egg. Put the cooked fillets of sole in this sauce to get quite hot, but it must not boil after the cream and egg are added. Remove the tape carefully, and dish the fillets upright, with the sauce round them.

Poulet à la Marengo

CUT up a chicken into joints and cook it in olive oil and a little salt; put in the legs before the other pieces, as they take longer to cook. When a good colour and nearly done, add a bouquet of mixed herbs, pepper, a dozen mushrooms, and some slices of truffles; place the chicken on a dish and add a dessertspoonful of oil drop by drop to some Italian sauce, stirring the whole time; when hot, pour over the chicken and garnish with sippets of fried bread, then squeeze a little lemon juice over all. *Italian Sauce.*—Simmer two ounces of butter in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of chopped shallots, and the same quantity of minced mushrooms. Add half a bottle of white wine. Reduce the sauce and moisten with a tumblerful of stock. Boil over a quick fire, skim off all grease, and, as soon as the sauce is thick enough, remove from the fire and keep hot.

Aigrettes au Fromage

SLICE ¼ lb. of cheese and pound in a mortar with 1 oz. of butter, salt and pepper, and a little mustard and curry powder mixed. Serve on fingers of hot buttered toast.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

When Spring is Here

April does not only bring showers in her train, for when that fickle jade is with us again we shall once more find the Ideal Home Exhibition installed at Olympia. Early reports go to show that this year's exhibition, which opens on April 7 and closes on May 2, will be even more interesting and up to the minute than usual. One of the many striking features of the exhibition will be a glance at Monopolis, the City of the Future, in the Grand Hall at Olympia, where will be housed those sections of the exhibition covering furnishing, decoration, sanitation, etc., whilst the Housing Section will be found in the National Hall, and will include nine houses and bungalows completely equipped and furnished. Among the other interesting features will be Caravan Town, a well-staged display of homes on wheels which are now available for the lover of a nomad holiday, a Pageant of Fashion, and a Garden Section.

The amusing and clever design for the programme of the London Sketch Club's annual fancy dress dance last Friday. The influence of one of the most delicate of modern sculptors is clearly seen in this work of art

Football Excursions

The L.N.E.R. announce that a day excursion will leave King's Cross on Friday night, March 20, for Edinburgh in connection with the International Rugby match on the 21st (fare 24s.). An excursion will also leave King's Cross on Friday night, March 27, for Glasgow in connection with the International Association match there (fare 25s. 6d.). A limited number of third-class sleeping berths will be available by both trains, the charges being 14s., in addition to the excursion fare. Advance booking for sleeping berths is essential.

New Edition of "The Motor Boat Manual"

The tenth edition of "The Motor Boat Manual" is now published. It is written and illustrated by the staff of *The Motor Boat*, and covers the whole field of motor boating, dealing exhaustively with the construction of motor boats and motor boat machinery, also the operation of craft of various types. There have been many developments since the last large edition was published about two years ago, and the new volume is brought up to date in every respect. An additional chapter on high-speed Diesel engines has been included, and all the new types of inboard and outboard engines developed recently are dealt with in detail. "The Motor Boat Manual" caters for all classes of owners, whether their interest be centred in large yachts, small or moderate-sized cruisers, launches or runabouts, equipped with inboard or outboard machinery. It is the only book of its kind published in this country, and with the ever-growing interest which is being shown in all quarters of the British Isles in this fascinating and enthralling form of sport it is certainly satisfactory to know that the public are able to obtain so comprehensive and informative a work at a price which is certainly within the reach of every pocket. "The Motor Boat Manual" is published at 5s. by Temple Press Ltd., 5-15, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1.

Printed for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, by The Cornwall Press Ltd., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Limited, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. February 25, 1931.
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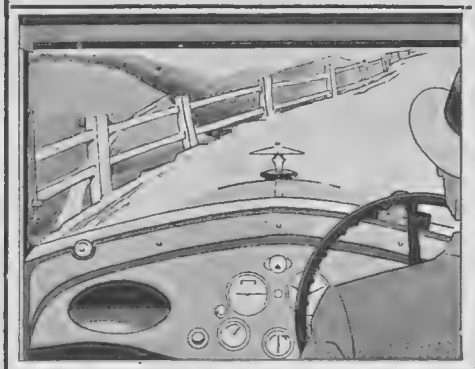

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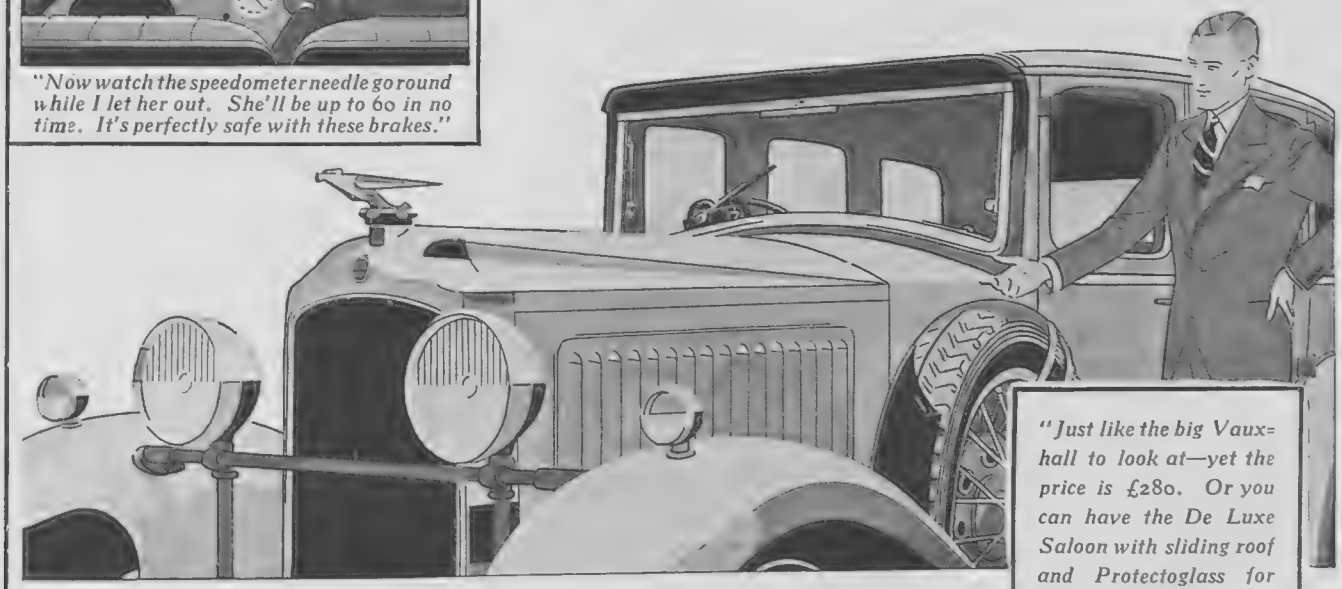

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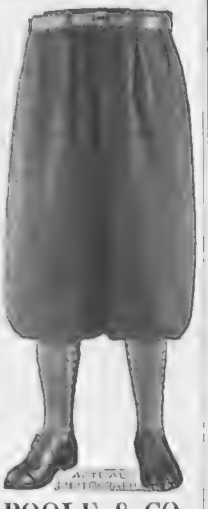

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Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Entirely up to date. New management. Former prices reduced.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st. cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Inc. terms. Frs. 13 to 18.

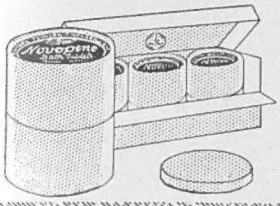
Lausanne.—Grand Hotel de la Paix.—Beautifully situated, splendid view on lake and Alps. Restaurant Grill. Echenard, Mgr.

Lenzerheide.—Hotel Danis.—4,870ft. a.s.l. 1st cl. fam. and sp. hot. Avoid E. wind in Feb. & Mar. and enjoy sun in Lenzerheide.

The Evening's enjoyment

A Novopine Tablet in your bath, a fraction in your hand basin and gone is the fatigue of the day. Alert, brisk and eyes asparkle you are ready for the evening's enjoyment—looking your best, feeling your best, radiant and happy. Let the glorious exhilaration of Novopine keep you healthy, fresh and gay—ready for the most exacting social duties.

Rheumatism and kindred ailments are definitely relieved by a Novopine impregnated bath.



Novopine

Sparkling Tonic Pine Bath Tablets

All good Chemists stock Novopine. Cartons with six tablets 2/-. Large boxes containing three cartons 6/-, or post free direct from—

NATURAL PRODUCTS LTD.,
4, TOOK'S COURT, HOLBORN, E.C.4.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

HARVEY NICHOLS

are now showing their Spring Lingerie—new in style, yet pleasantly modest in price—in the Lingerie Department on the First Floor.

THIS Backless Brassière Cami-Knicker is an exact copy of a Paris model. Made in washing satin beaute, daintily edged with net, it has a beautifully-moulded hip-line. In ivory, parchment, honey, pink, blue, orchid, peach, green and black.

39/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

PERMANENT WAVING

At the Phyllis Earle Salons, meticulous care, coupled with the employment of the most modern processes, ensure Permanent Waving that satisfies the most discerning.

Guaranteed for six months, Phyllis Earle Permanent Waving will not discolour or affect the texture of delicate hair.

A Price List will be sent on request or an appointment can be arranged by telephone.

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS

32 DOVER STREET, W.I. Telephone: Regent 7931 (8 lines)

"ARANDORA STAR"
SUNSHINE CRUISES

EASTER IN THE HOLY LAND AND THE MEDITERRANEAN. March 20th, 29 days.

Visiting Cairo, Tangier, Palma (Majorca), Malta, Derna (Cyrenaica), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Larnaka (Cyprus), Haifa, Beirut, Rhodes, Sousse (for Kairouan), Algiers.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN. April 23rd.

To Tangier, Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Rhodes, Constantinople, Tripoli, Malta, Algiers. 25 days.

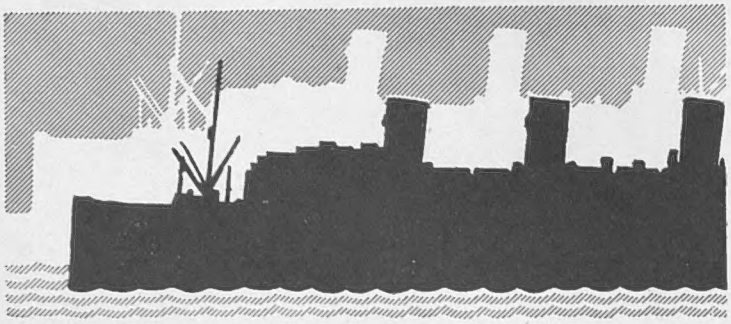
SPECIAL WHITSUN CRUISE.

Lisbon, Tangier, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira, Arosa Bay (for Santiago). May 23rd, 16 days.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY

BLUE STAR LINE

3, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1. (Gerrard 5671); Liverpool : 10, Water St., & Principal Tourist Agencies.



London–Plymouth–New York

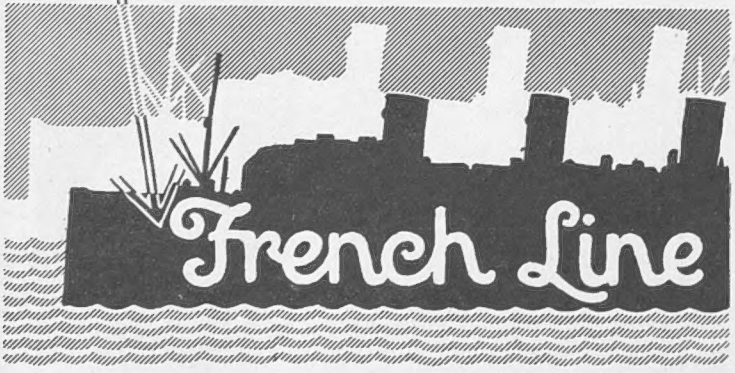
"The Route that Cuts off the Corner."

Plymouth is but four hours distant from London. That is why the Mails are landed there. Time is money. They take the quickest path. Why not **EMBARK** at Plymouth, the non-stop route?

Direct by the

Cross by one of the three luxury liners, "France," "Paris," or "Ile de France,"
First and Second Classes only,
or
by the speedy "Cabin" liners "Lafayette" or "De Grasse,"
Cabin and Tourist Third Cabin only.

NO QUICKER ROUTE
NO FINER SHIPS
NO DAINTIER CUISINE
NO BETTER SERVICE



Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Ltd.,
20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1,
or to all leading Travel Agents.

FILM *is found by dental research to discolour teeth and invite serious tooth disorders. It must be removed daily.*

The priceless secret
of removing Film from teeth

THE public at large is learning much about the care of teeth. Diet, it knows, plays an important part in developing resistance to decay and other troubles.

Frequent visits to the dentist have become a widely practised safety measure.

And, in the care of teeth at home, people by thousands are discovering the remarkable results that follow a new and modern method.

On your teeth there is a stubborn film. That film absorbs stains from food and smoking—teeth become unsightly.

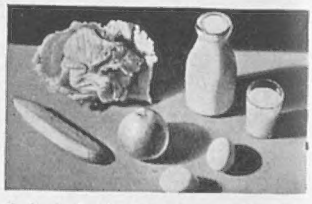
Film harbours the germs that may cause decay and other troubles. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, *film must be removed each day.*

To do that effectively, Pepsodent was developed.

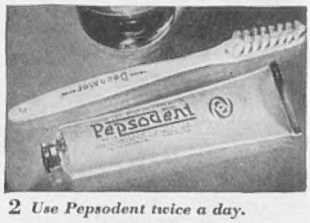
Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life. Get a tube today.

DO THESE 3 THINGS TO HAVE STRONG, HEALTHY TEETH



1 *Include these in your daily diet: eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, ½ lemon with orange juice; milk.*



2 *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*

3 *See your Dentist at least twice a year.*

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

Sold in two sizes — 1/3 and 2/-
The latter size double quantity

3508

A SURE FOUNDATION

1. **SPUN SILK COMBINATIONS, BRASSIÈRE FINISH.**
   Flesh pink **29/6**
   Vest to match .. **21/9**

2. **INDIAN CASHMERE AND SILK COMBINATIONS.**
   Light in weight and very warm.
   Flesh pink **31/9**
   Vests **23/9**
   Knickers **25/9**
   Pink spun silk, same design **21/9**
   Pink merino, same design **16/9**

3. Extra long vest in pink silk and wool. Fancy design. Price .. **18/6**

   Combinations, same design. Price **23/9**

   Short vests. Price **15/9**

Sent on Approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE,
(Debenhams Ltd.)
VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

PRINTED CHIFFON TEA FROCKS
FOR PRESENT WEAR

The advanced models indicate that the indispensable tea frock will be of a particularly attractive character during the coming season as the lines are more feminine and the early Victorian influence is apparent, and these are only two of the most noticeable changes. We have a marvellous range of Tea Frocks and Tea Gowns from which to choose, from popular priced garments—of which the attractive Tea Frock illustrated is an example—to the most exclusive models.

Attractive Printed Chiffon Tea Frock, fitting over hips, gracefully draped bodice, and slip of Japanese silk. In a variety of artistic designs and colourings.

PRICE **6½** GNS.

Sent on Approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1

"JOHN! If this is BRITANNIA and EVE, I can only say I'm sorry I've not seen it before . . . . Bring it home every month, there's a dear."

Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.

"Let's have a cocktail"

Sir Edward : "'Morning, Angela. Well met!"

Lady Angela : "Sorry, can't stop, Ted. Going to Sandown, you see. Just off to the bank for some money."

Sir Edward : "Money! What on earth do you want it for at Sandown? I'm quite sure you don't owe any to the 'bookies.'"

Lady Angela : "Don't be foolish! Of course not; but I'm going to back my fancies on the 'Tote' to-day, and you know it's all cash."

Sir Edward : "Wonderful how some people walk around full of blissful ignorance. Haven't you read the papers lately?"

Lady Angela : "What about?"

Sir Edward : "Why, all about how 'Duggie' has virtually established a 'Tote' in every Post Office."

Lady Angela : "What exactly does that mean?"

Sir Edward : "Simply that you can use the Race-course Telegraph Office for wiring him your bets."

Lady Angela : "Seems good; but suppose I hear of a good thing the last minute or two?"

Sir Edward : "Makes no difference, you can telegraph right up to the 'off.'"

Lady Angela : "Splendid! In that case I'll not need to go to the bank."

Sir Edward : "No, let's go to the Berkeley and have a cocktail; far more interesting."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON.